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JANE, JOSEPH, and JOHN

DISCARDED

JANE JOSEPH & JOHN

THEIR BOOK OF VERSES

BY

RALPH BERGENGREN

447

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
MAURICE E. DAY
DECORATIONS BY
T. B. HAPGOOD

BOSTON
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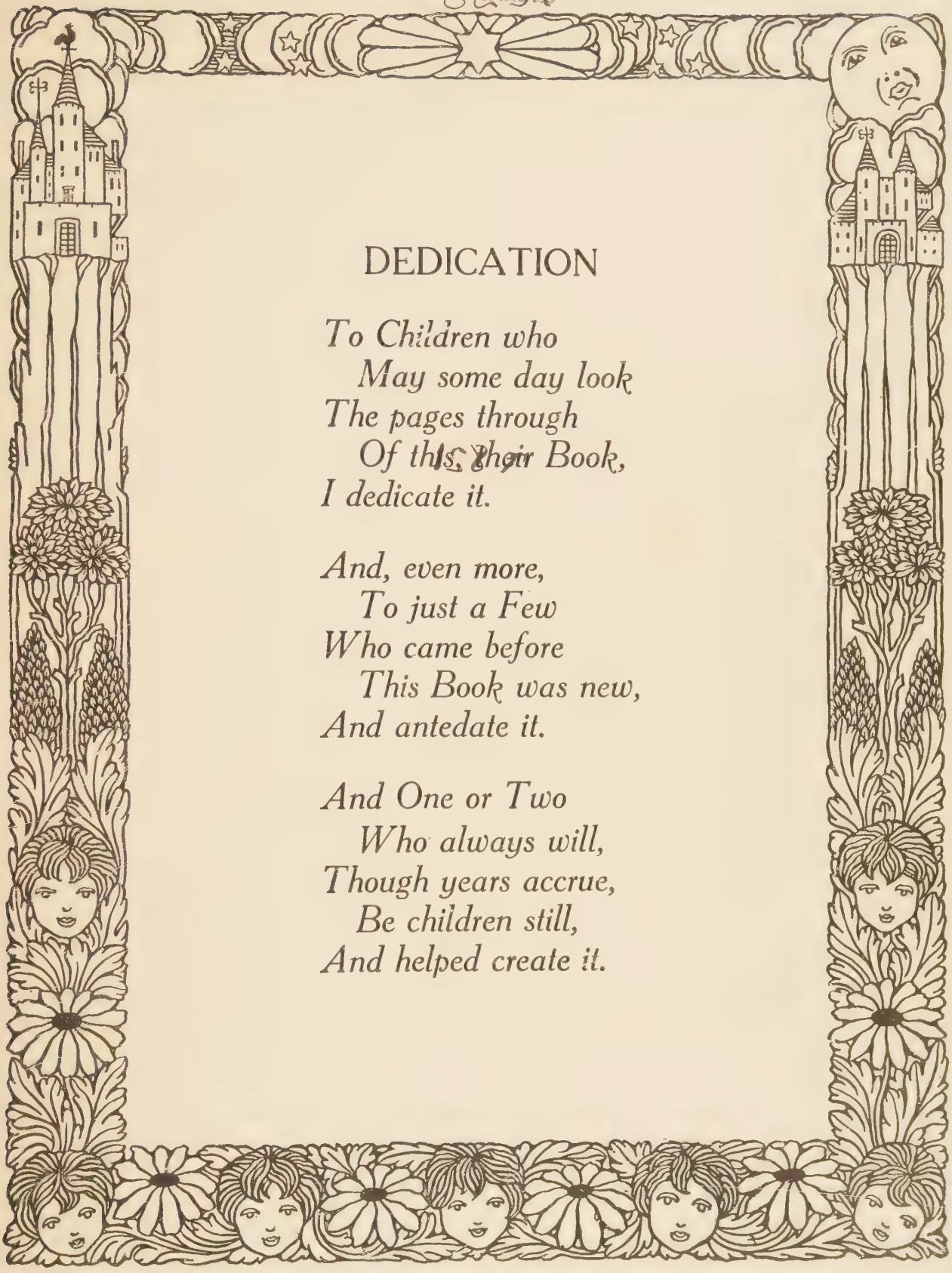


DEDICATION

To Children who
May some day look
The pages through
Of this, their Book,
I dedicate it.

And, even more,
To just a Few
Who came before
This Book was new,
And antedate it.

And One or Two
Who always will,
Though years accrue,
Be children still,
*And helped create it.

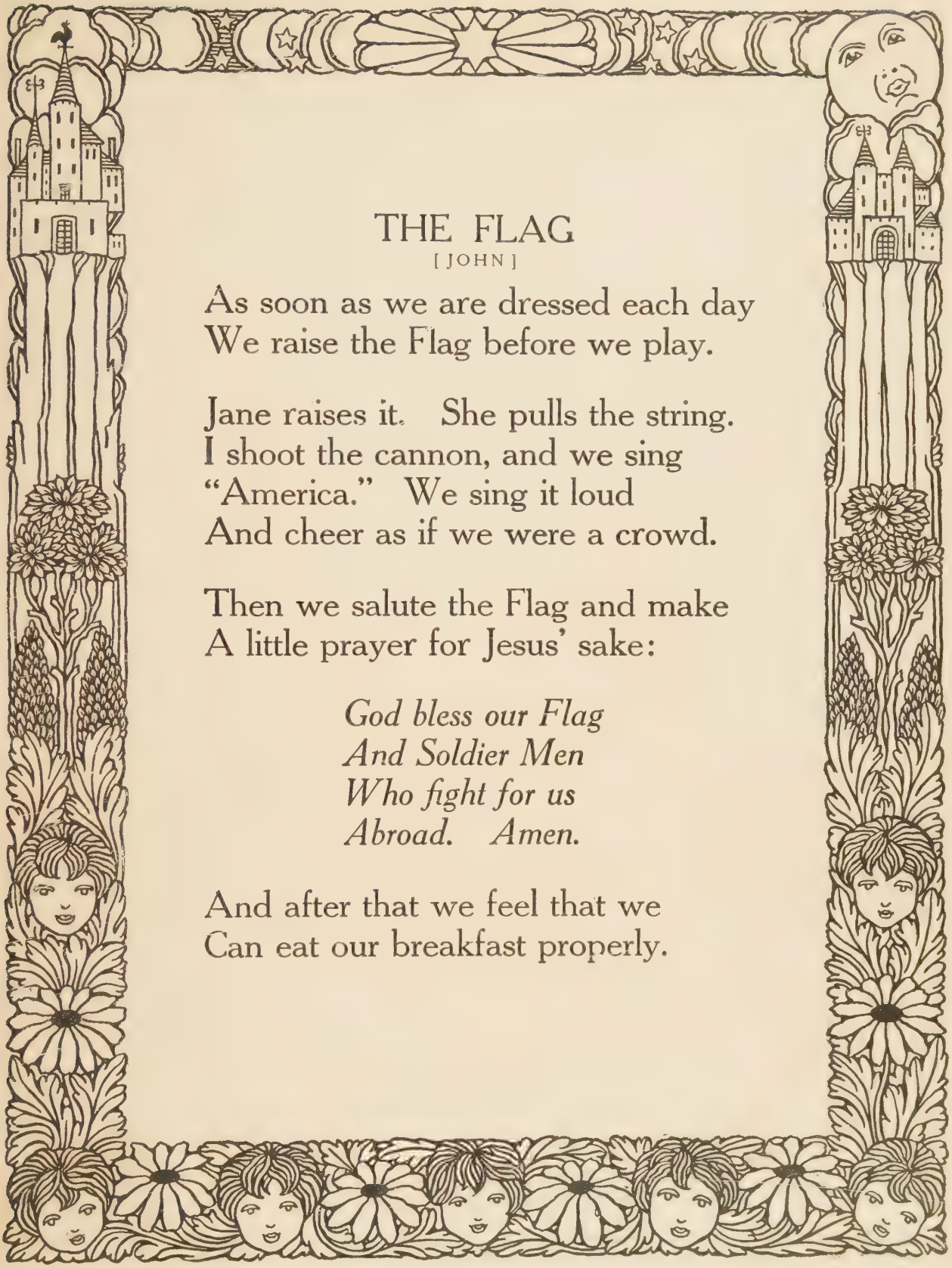
Table of Contents

TITLE	PAGE
Illustration for THE DRIVE	*Eight*
THE FLAG	*Nine*
THIRST	*Ten*
THE POLICEMAN	*Eleven*
A VOCATION	*Twelve*
Illustration for A VOCATION	*Thirteen*
JANE	*Fifteen*
AGE LIMITATIONS	*Sixteen*
THE DIRIGIBLE	*Sixteen*
THE GARDENER	*Seventeen*
THE SCARE-CROW	*Eighteen*
THE RED CROSS NURSE	*Nineteen*
SKEPTICISM	*Twenty*
HAPPY JACK	*Twenty-one*
THE MAGIC BED	*Twenty-two*
EGOTISM	*Twenty-three*
Illustration for THE WESTERN FRONT	*Twenty-four*
THE WESTERN FRONT	*Twenty-five*
MRS. MURPHY	*Twenty-seven*
THE HOME-MADE PLAYMATE	*Twenty-eight*
THE AIRPLANE	*Twenty-nine*
THE HOME GUARD	*Thirty*
THE HOUSE	*Thirty-two*
Illustration for THE HOUSE	*Thirty-three*

Table of Contents

TITLE	PAGE
THE CHARM	*Thirty-four*
A DEEP-SEA ADVENTURE	*Thirty-six*
THE ELEPHANT	*Thirty-six*
THE FLOOD	*Thirty-eight*
THE SWING IN THE BARN	*Thirty-nine*
THE BAND	*Forty*
THE TRANSPORT	*Forty-one*
THE SPANISH MAIN	*Forty-three*
Illustration for THE SEASONS	*Forty-four*
THE SEASONS	*Forty-five*
CRADLE SONG	*Forty-seven*
A BOOK-LOVER	*Forty-eight*
THE DRIVE	*Forty-nine*
METAMORPHOSIS	*Fifty*
KITE WEATHER	*Fifty-two*
Illustration for KITE WEATHER	*Fifty-three*
SOCIAL LIFE	*Fifty-four*
THE BANK	*Fifty-five*
FRIENDSHIP	*Fifty-six*
A MISFORTUNE	*Fifty-seven*
?	*Fifty-seven*
NIGHT	*Fifty-eight*
APPLE BLOSSOMS	*Fifty-nine*
THE WORM	*Sixty-one*
THE WIND	*Sixty-one*

[THE DRIVE]



THE FLAG

[JOHN]

As soon as we are dressed each day
We raise the Flag before we play.

Jane raises it. She pulls the string.
I shoot the cannon, and we sing
"America." We sing it loud
And cheer as if we were a crowd.

Then we salute the Flag and make
A little prayer for Jesus' sake:

God bless our Flag
And Soldier Men
Who fight for us
Abroad. Amen.

And after that we feel that we
Can eat our breakfast properly.

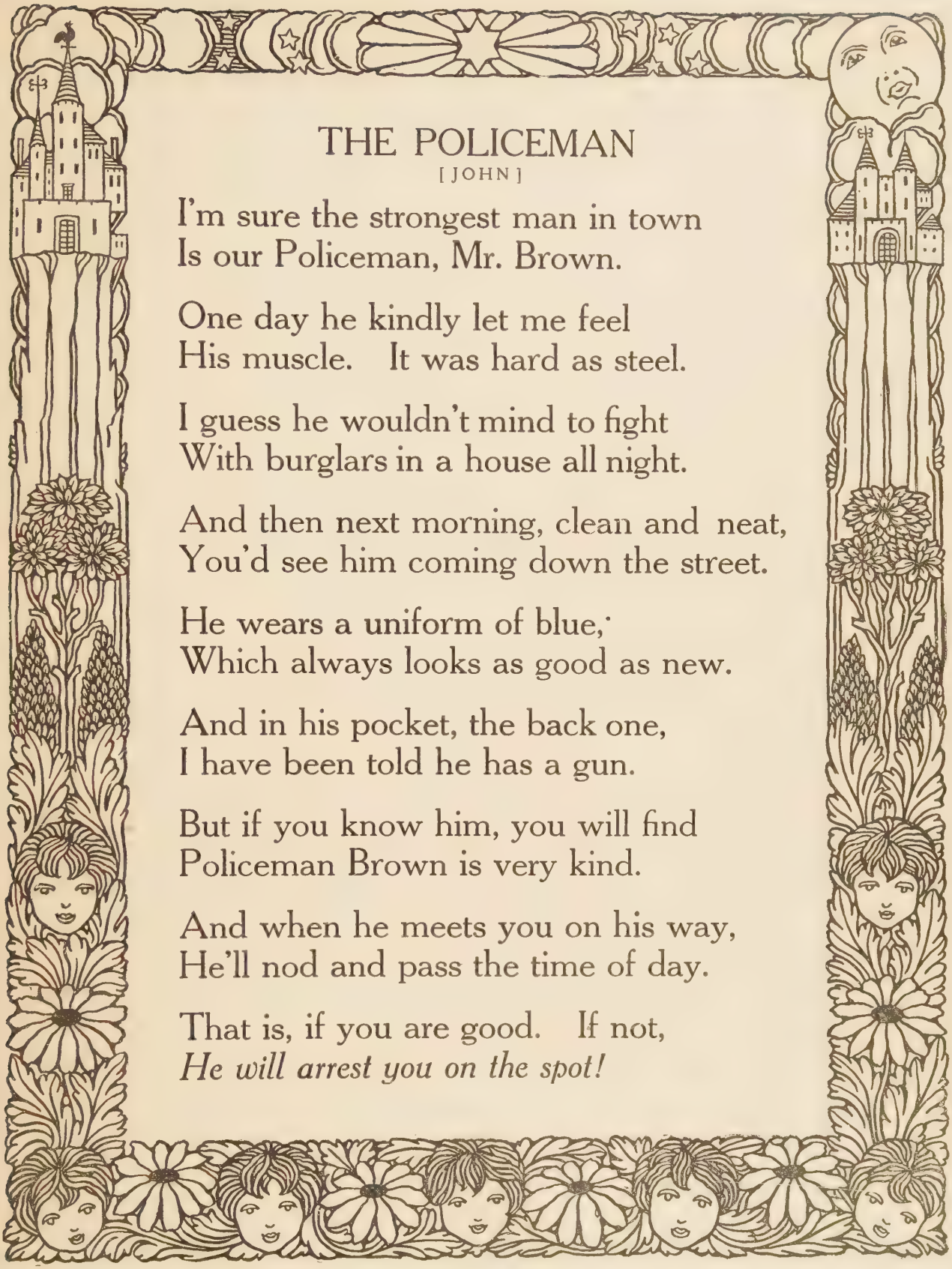
THIRST

[JOSEPH]

Every little
  While all day
I am thirsty,
  And I say
To anybody
  Who is nigh,
"I want a drink."

Every little
  While all night
I wake up, and
  I am quite
Thirsty. And I
  Softly cry,
"I want a drink."

Father says if
  I should go
Up to Heaven,
  They would know
Me because I
  Am so dry,
"I want a drink."



THE POLICEMAN

[JOHN]

I'm sure the strongest man in town
Is our Policeman, Mr. Brown.

One day he kindly let me feel
His muscle. It was hard as steel.

I guess he wouldn't mind to fight
With burglars in a house all night.

And then next morning, clean and neat,
You'd see him coming down the street.

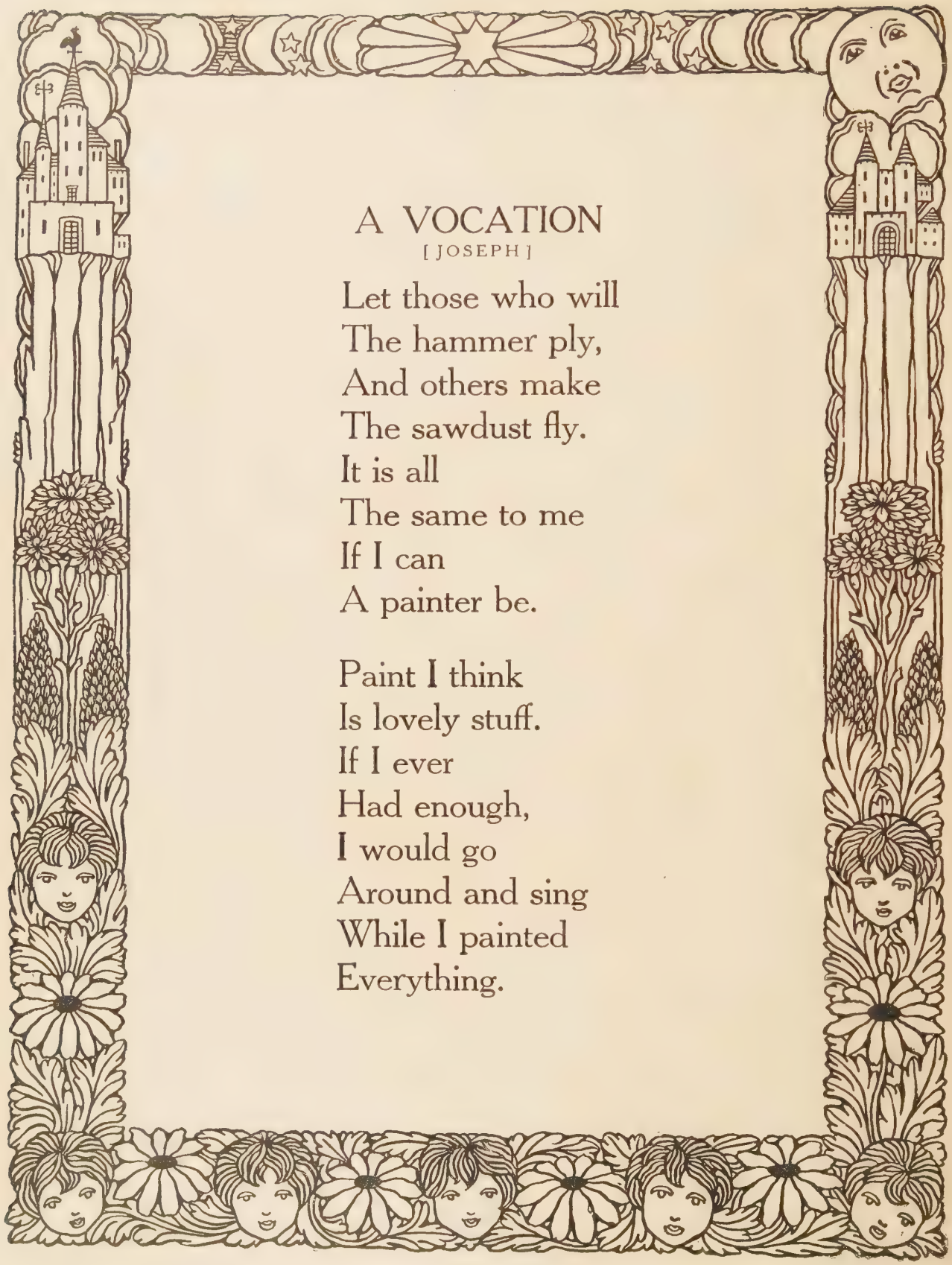
He wears a uniform of blue,
Which always looks as good as new.

And in his pocket, the back one,
I have been told he has a gun.

But if you know him, you will find
Policeman Brown is very kind.

And when he meets you on his way,
He'll nod and pass the time of day.

That is, if you are good. If not,
He will arrest you on the spot!



A VOCATION

[JOSEPH]

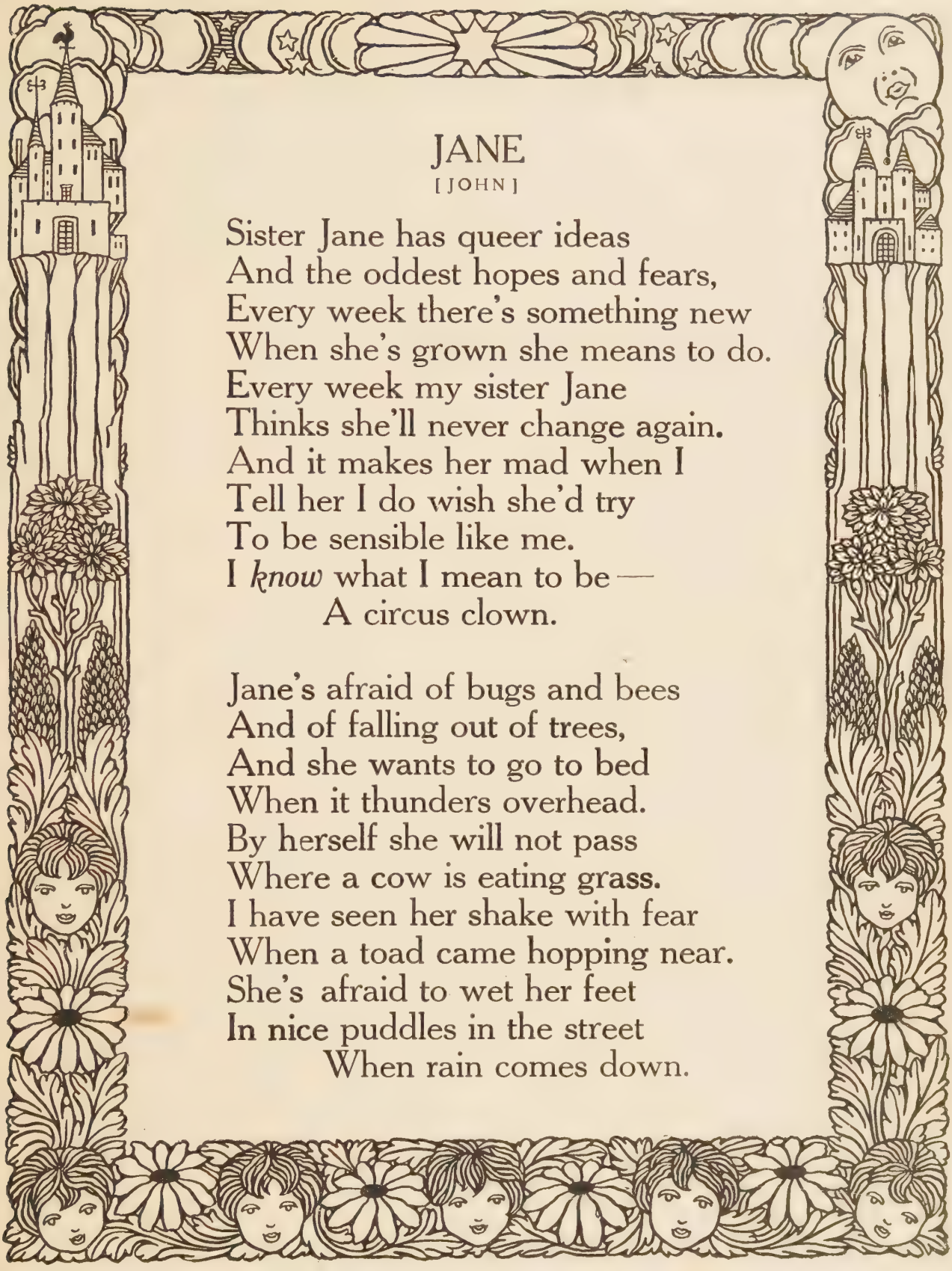
Let those who will
The hammer ply,
And others make
The sawdust fly.
It is all
The same to me
If I can
A painter be.

Paint I think
Is lovely stuff.
If I ever
Had enough,
I would go
Around and sing
While I painted
Everything.

MAURICE
DAY

I would paint
The barns and walls
And churches
And the city halls
And all the houses
Every one,
And start again
Where I'd begun.

And when I'm grown
Soon as I can,
I mean to be
A painter man.
I'd give up
My milk and bread
If they'd let
Me paint instead.

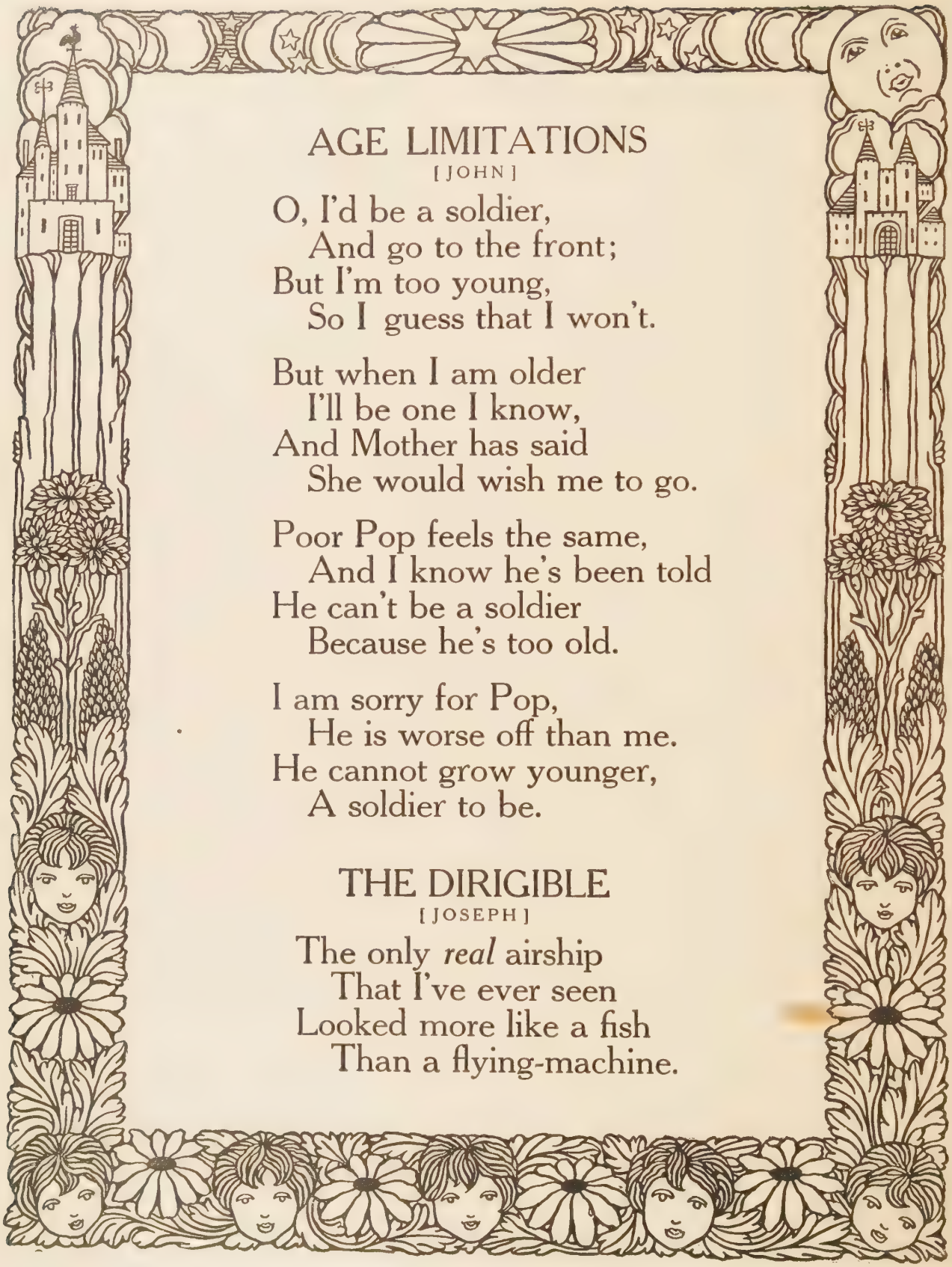


JANE

[JOHN]

Sister Jane has queer ideas
And the oddest hopes and fears,
Every week there's something new
When she's grown she means to do.
Every week my sister Jane
Thinks she'll never change again.
And it makes her mad when I
Tell her I do wish she'd try
To be sensible like me.
I *know* what I mean to be —
A circus clown.

Jane's afraid of bugs and bees
And of falling out of trees,
And she wants to go to bed
When it thunders overhead.
By herself she will not pass
Where a cow is eating grass.
I have seen her shake with fear
When a toad came hopping near.
She's afraid to wet her feet
In nice puddles in the street
When rain comes down.



AGE LIMITATIONS

[JOHN]

O, I'd be a soldier,
And go to the front;
But I'm too young,
So I guess that I won't.

But when I am older
I'll be one I know,
And Mother has said
She would wish me to go.

Poor Pop feels the same,
And I know he's been told
He can't be a soldier
Because he's too old.

I am sorry for Pop,
He is worse off than me.
He cannot grow younger,
A soldier to be.

THE DIRIGIBLE

[JOSEPH]

The only *real* airship
That I've ever seen
Looked more like a fish
Than a flying-machine.

It made me feel funny,
And just as if we
Were all of us down
On the floor of the sea.

A big whale above us
Was taking a swim,
And we little fishes
Were staring at him.

THE GARDENER

[JANE]

I weed my garden every morn
Till every single weed is gone.

For when the weeds are gone I know
The flowers will much prettier grow.

But many a weed I throw away
Is just as pretty, I must say.

And loves the sun and pleasant showers
As much, I'm sure, as do the flowers.

So I am sorry when I pull
The weeds: it seems unmerciful.

And often, weeding in my garden,
I say, "Excuse me" and "Beg pardon."

THE SCARECROW

[JOHN AND JANE]

David, the Gardener, made a fine man
Out of old clothes
To scare the old crows.
His right shoe was black, and his left shoe was tan.
His bones were just sticks, and his body was straw,
And an old suit of Pop's was the clothes that he wore.

His face was a mask with which children had played
Till the nose was so bent
To the ash heap it went.
But a jolly good face for a scarecrow it made.
His hair was the last of a thrown-away mop,
And an old Derby hat David fastened on top.

He stood there all day and he stood there all night.
At sunset or dawn
Keeping watch of the corn.

When any crow saw him, it cawed with affright
And flapped its wings quickly, and flew out of sight.

And that is the reason our corn was so good
It beat any corn in the whole neighborhood.

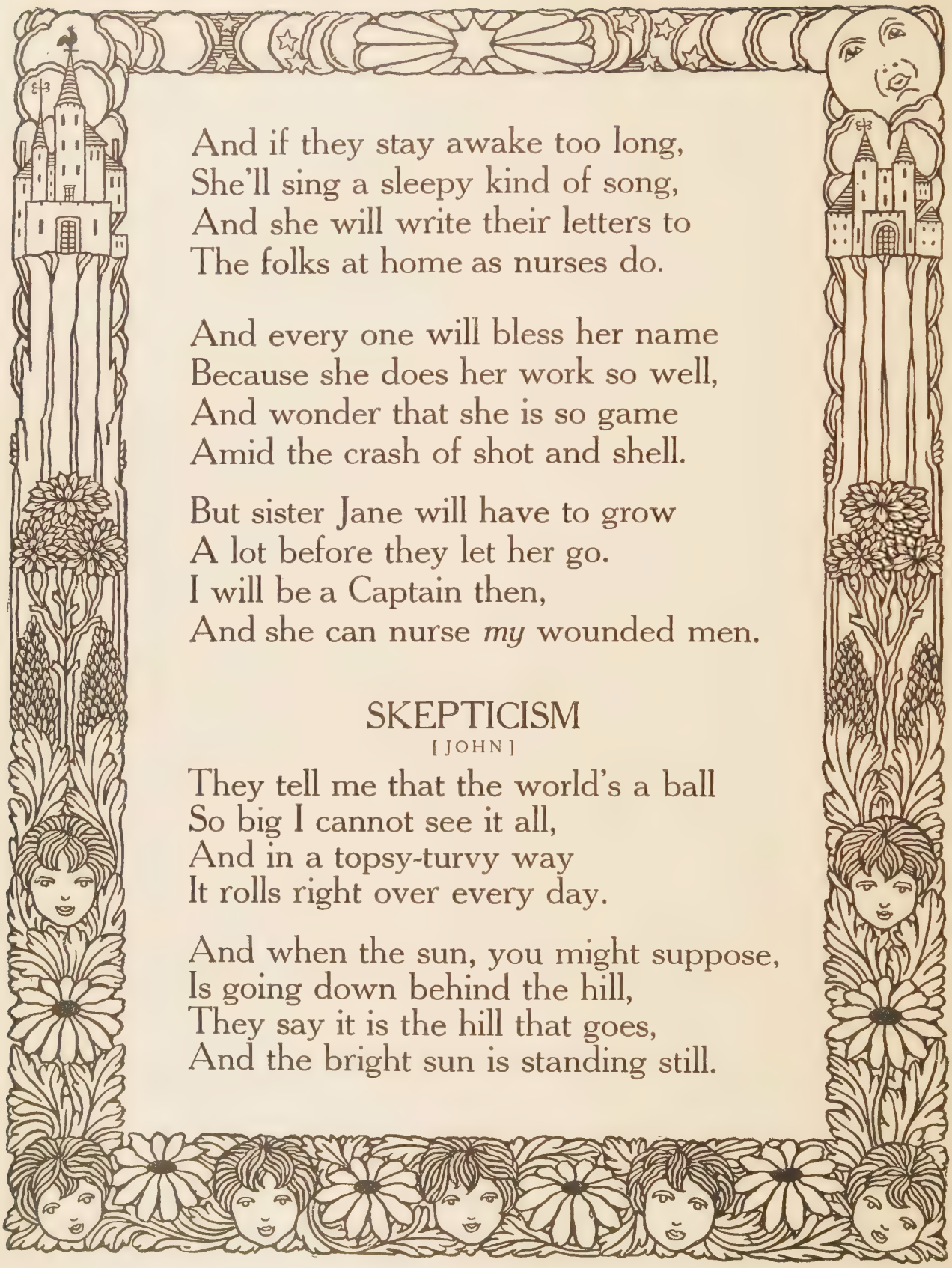
THE RED CROSS NURSE

[JOHN]

My sister Jane is wild to be
A Red Cross Nurse, all dressed in white,
And go to France where soldiers fight
And nurse the wounded men. And she

Is not afraid to take the trip
Though U-boats try to sink her ship,
But is just crazy to begin
As soon as they will take her in.

And when a battle has been fought,
And all the wounded soldiers brought
And tucked up in a row of beds,
She'll smooth the pillows for their heads.



And if they stay awake too long,
She'll sing a sleepy kind of song,
And she will write their letters to
The folks at home as nurses do.

And every one will bless her name
Because she does her work so well,
And wonder that she is so game
Amid the crash of shot and shell.

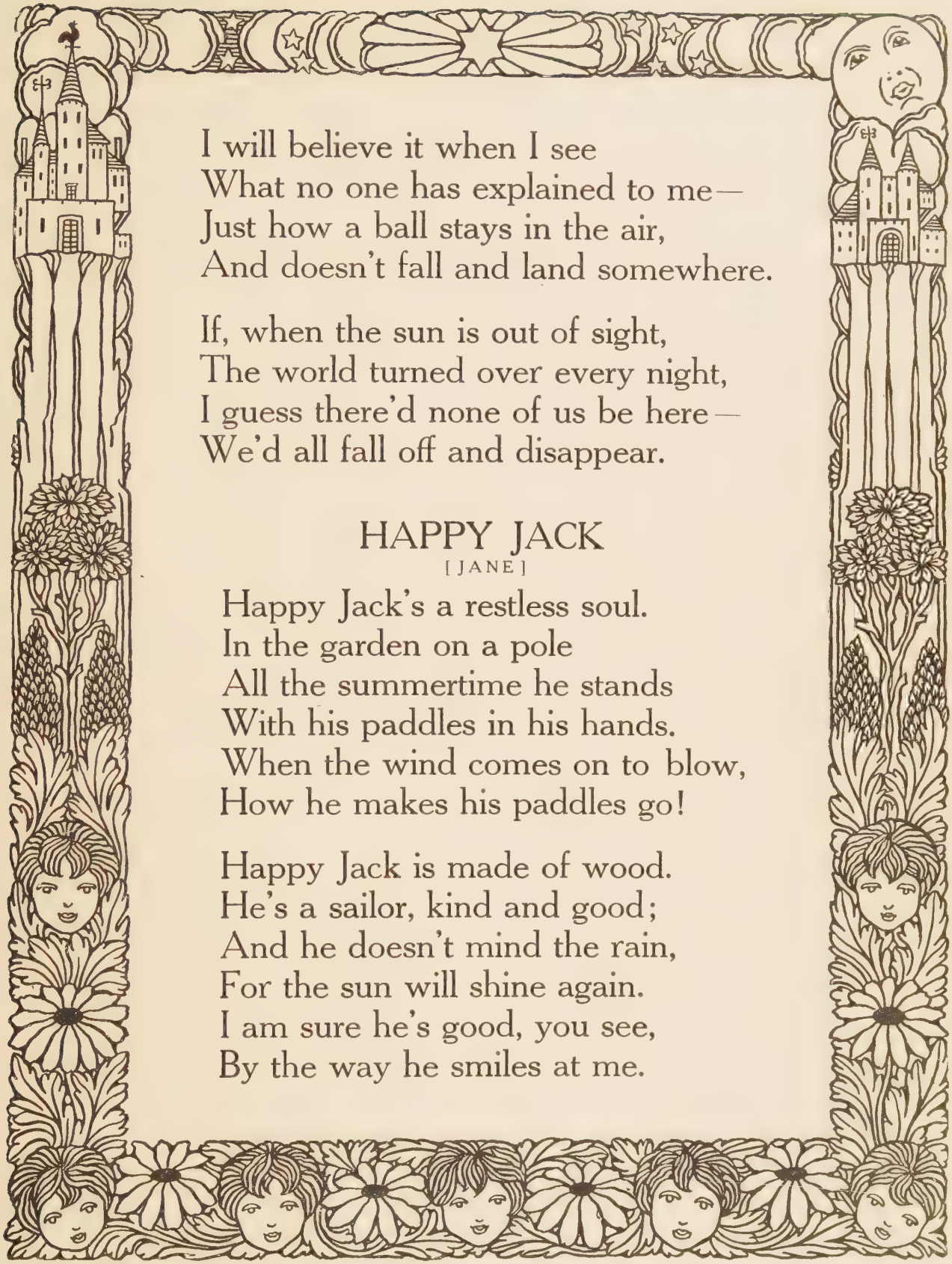
But sister Jane will have to grow
A lot before they let her go.
I will be a Captain then,
And she can nurse *my* wounded men.

SKEPTICISM

[JOHN]

They tell me that the world's a ball
So big I cannot see it all,
And in a topsy-turvy way
It rolls right over every day.

And when the sun, you might suppose,
Is going down behind the hill,
They say it is the hill that goes,
And the bright sun is standing still.



I will believe it when I see
What no one has explained to me—
Just how a ball stays in the air,
And doesn't fall and land somewhere.

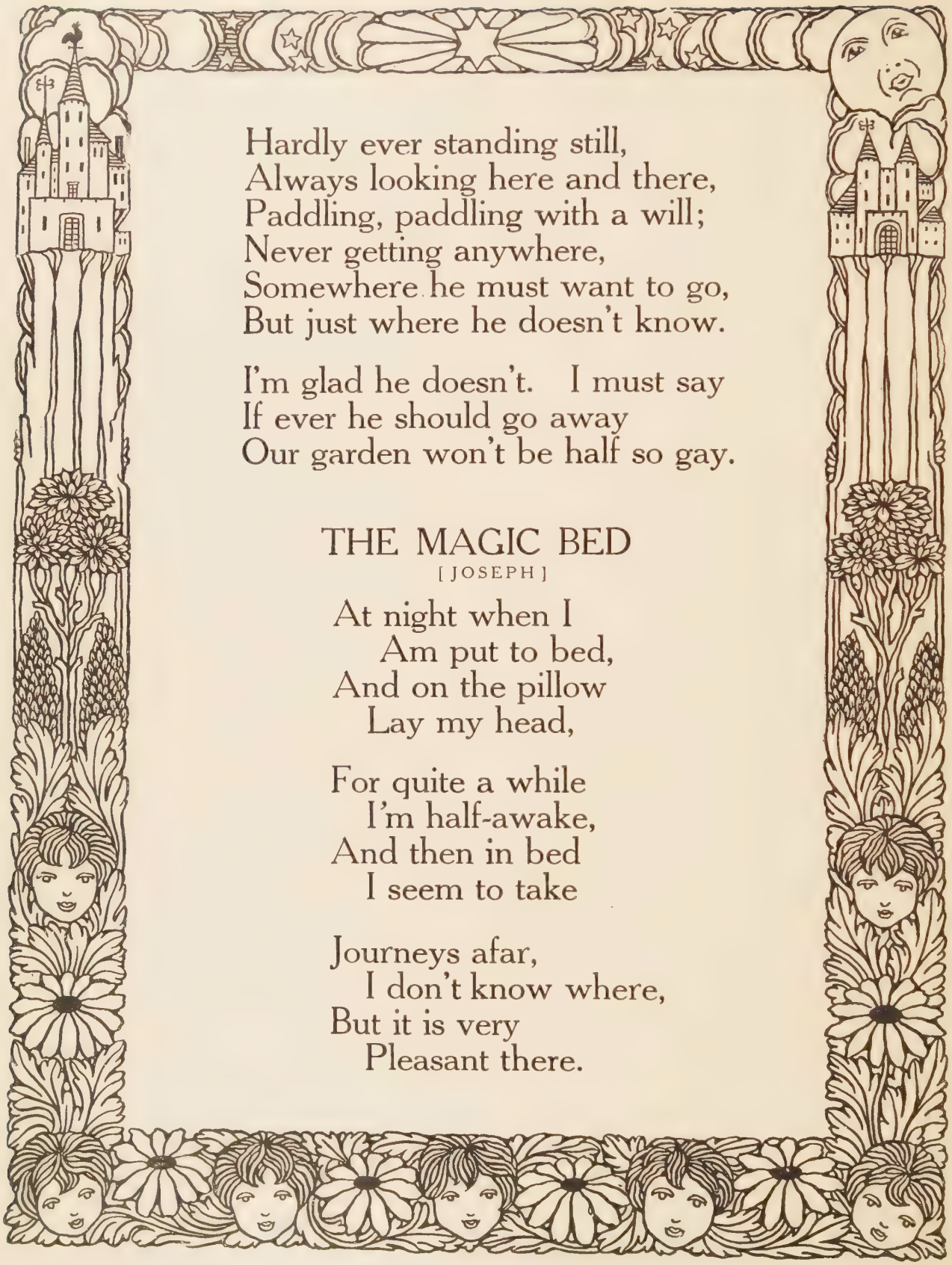
If, when the sun is out of sight,
The world turned over every night,
I guess there'd none of us be here—
We'd all fall off and disappear.

HAPPY JACK

[JANE]

Happy Jack's a restless soul.
In the garden on a pole
All the summertime he stands
With his paddles in his hands.
When the wind comes on to blow,
How he makes his paddles go!

Happy Jack is made of wood.
He's a sailor, kind and good;
And he doesn't mind the rain,
For the sun will shine again.
I am sure he's good, you see,
By the way he smiles at me.



Hardly ever standing still,
Always looking here and there,
Paddling, paddling with a will;
Never getting anywhere,
Somewhere he must want to go,
But just where he doesn't know.

I'm glad he doesn't. I must say
If ever he should go away
Our garden won't be half so gay.

THE MAGIC BED

[JOSEPH]

At night when I
Am put to bed,
And on the pillow
Lay my head,

For quite a while
I'm half-awake,
And then in bed
I seem to take

Journeys afar,
I don't know where,
But it is very
Pleasant there.

Giants and other
Things I see
My Mother reads
About to me.

But I am not
Afraid a bit,
And that's the nicest
Part of it.

My bed has legs
To run away
From Here and Now
And Every Day.

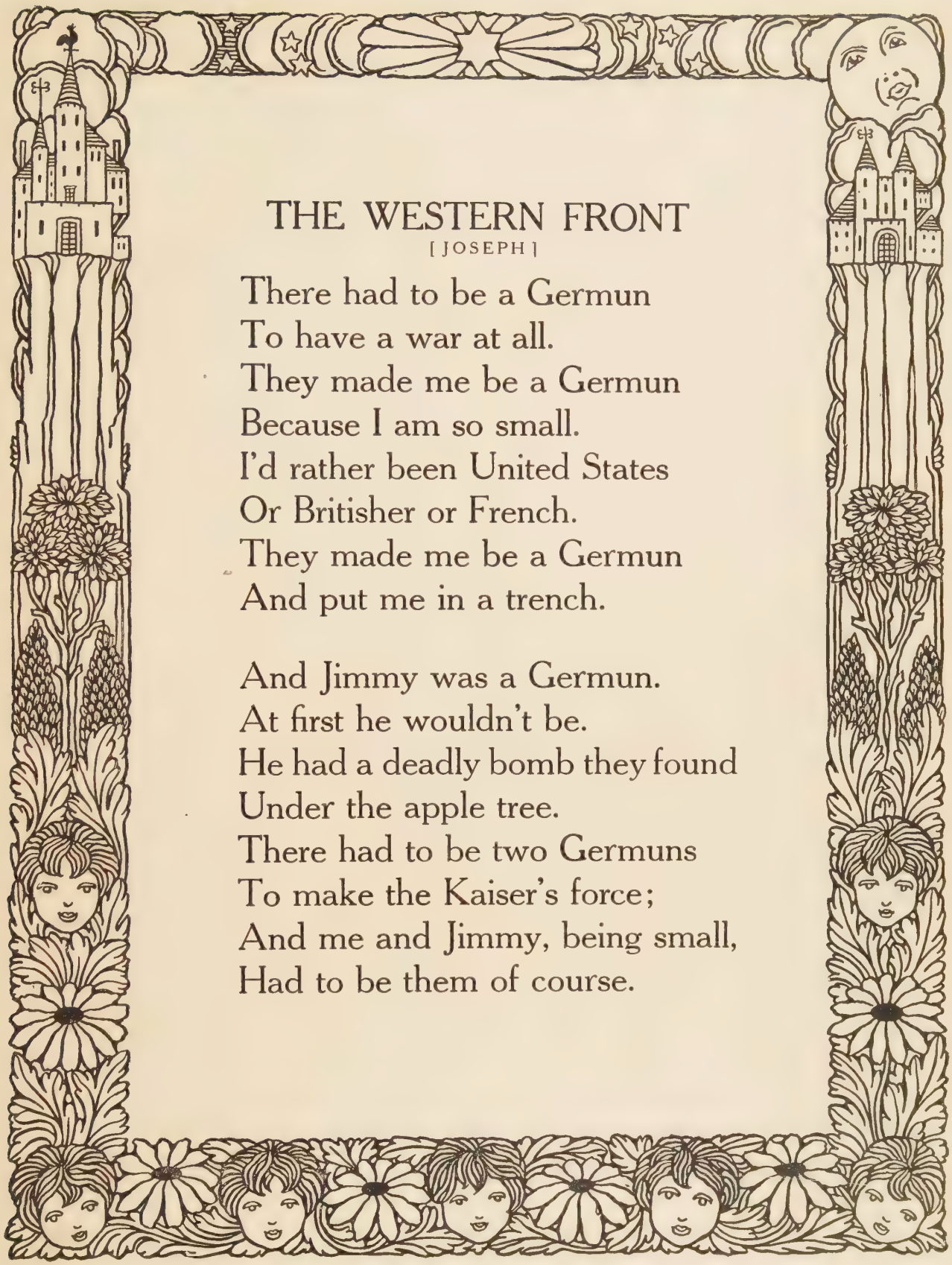
It trots me off
To slumber deep
Through the dear land
Of Half-Asleep.

EGOTISM

[JOSEPH]

The Rooster crows
To wake me up.
The Hen lays eggs
For my egg-cup.

75

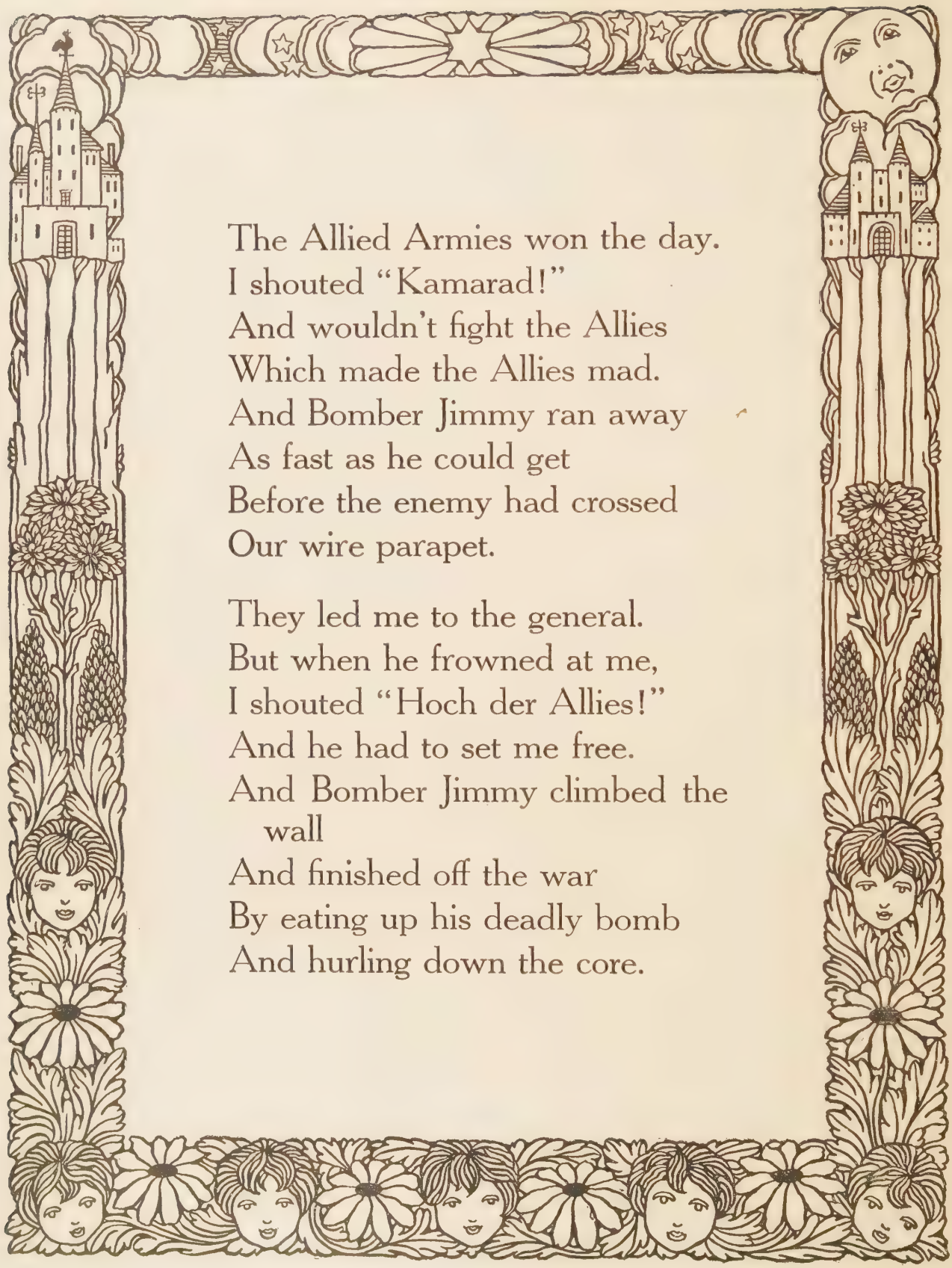


THE WESTERN FRONT

[JOSEPH]

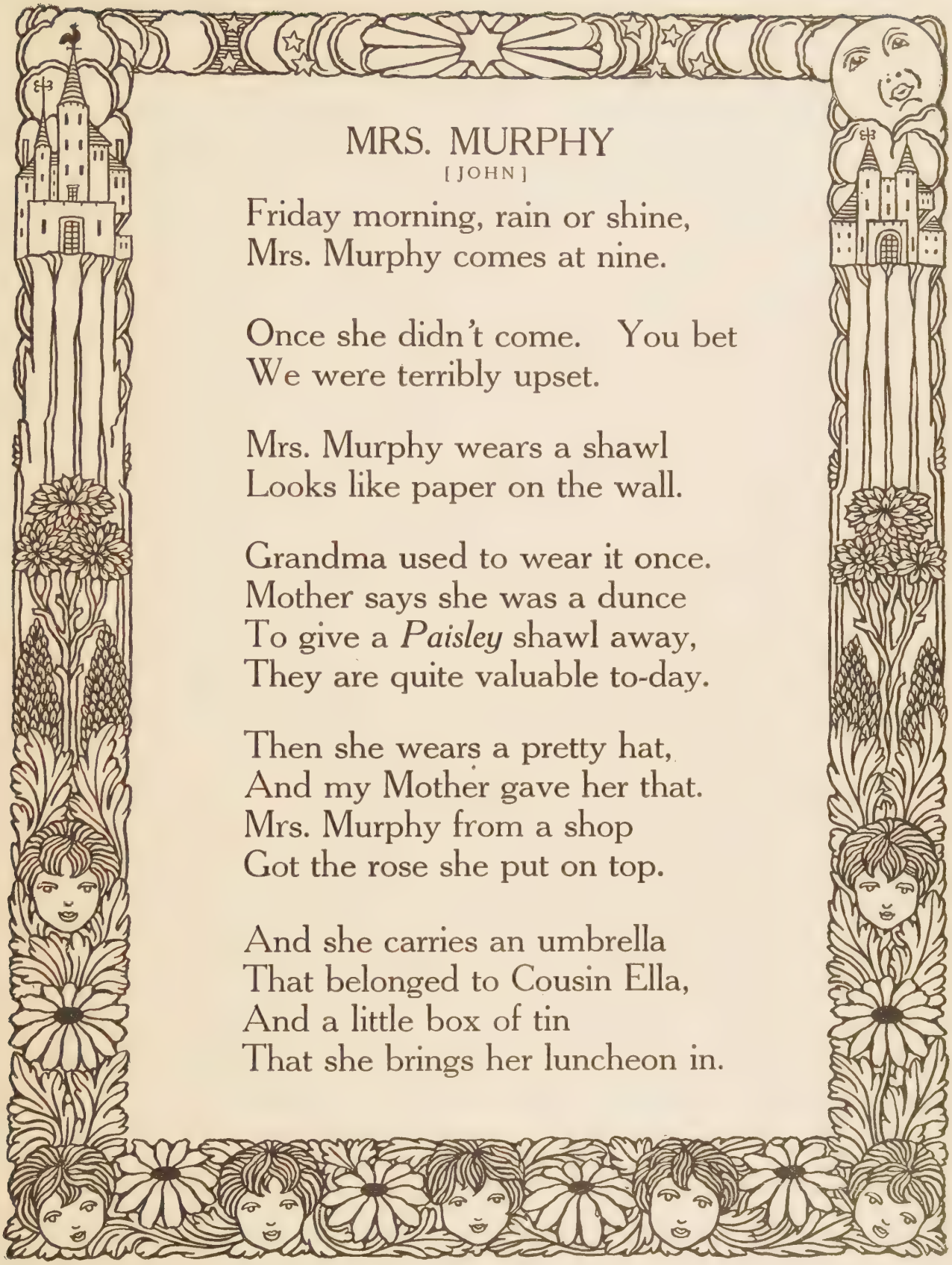
There had to be a Germun
To have a war at all.
They made me be a Germun
Because I am so small.
I'd rather been United States
Or Britisher or French.
They made me be a Germun
And put me in a trench.

And Jimmy was a Germun.
At first he wouldn't be.
He had a deadly bomb they found
Under the apple tree.
There had to be two Germuns
To make the Kaiser's force;
And me and Jimmy, being small,
Had to be them of course.



The Allied Armies won the day.
I shouted "Kamarad!"
And wouldn't fight the Allies
Which made the Allies mad.
And Bomber Jimmy ran away
As fast as he could get
Before the enemy had crossed
Our wire parapet.

They led me to the general.
But when he frowned at me,
I shouted "Hoch der Allies!"
And he had to set me free.
And Bomber Jimmy climbed the wall
And finished off the war
By eating up his deadly bomb
And hurling down the core.



MRS. MURPHY

[JOHN]

Friday morning, rain or shine,
Mrs. Murphy comes at nine.

Once she didn't come. You bet
We were terribly upset.

Mrs. Murphy wears a shawl
Looks like paper on the wall.

Grandma used to wear it once.
Mother says she was a dunce
To give a *Paisley* shawl away,
They are quite valuable to-day.

Then she wears a pretty hat,
And my Mother gave her that.
Mrs. Murphy from a shop
Got the rose she put on top.

And she carries an umbrella
That belonged to Cousin Ella,
And a little box of tin
That she brings her luncheon in.

Mrs. Murphy is so stout
She waddles when she walks about.

When she's on her hands and knees,
She seems to get about with ease,
And like a grown-up baby crawls
Through all the rooms and all the halls.

I see her going down the street,
I know the floors are clean and sweet.

I wonder what she does between
The times she comes to us to clean.

THE HOME-MADE PLAYMATE

[JANE]

I have a playmate
  I made up one day
When I was alone
  And I wanted to play.
I made her myself
  Without any advice,
And play with her often
  Because she's so nice.

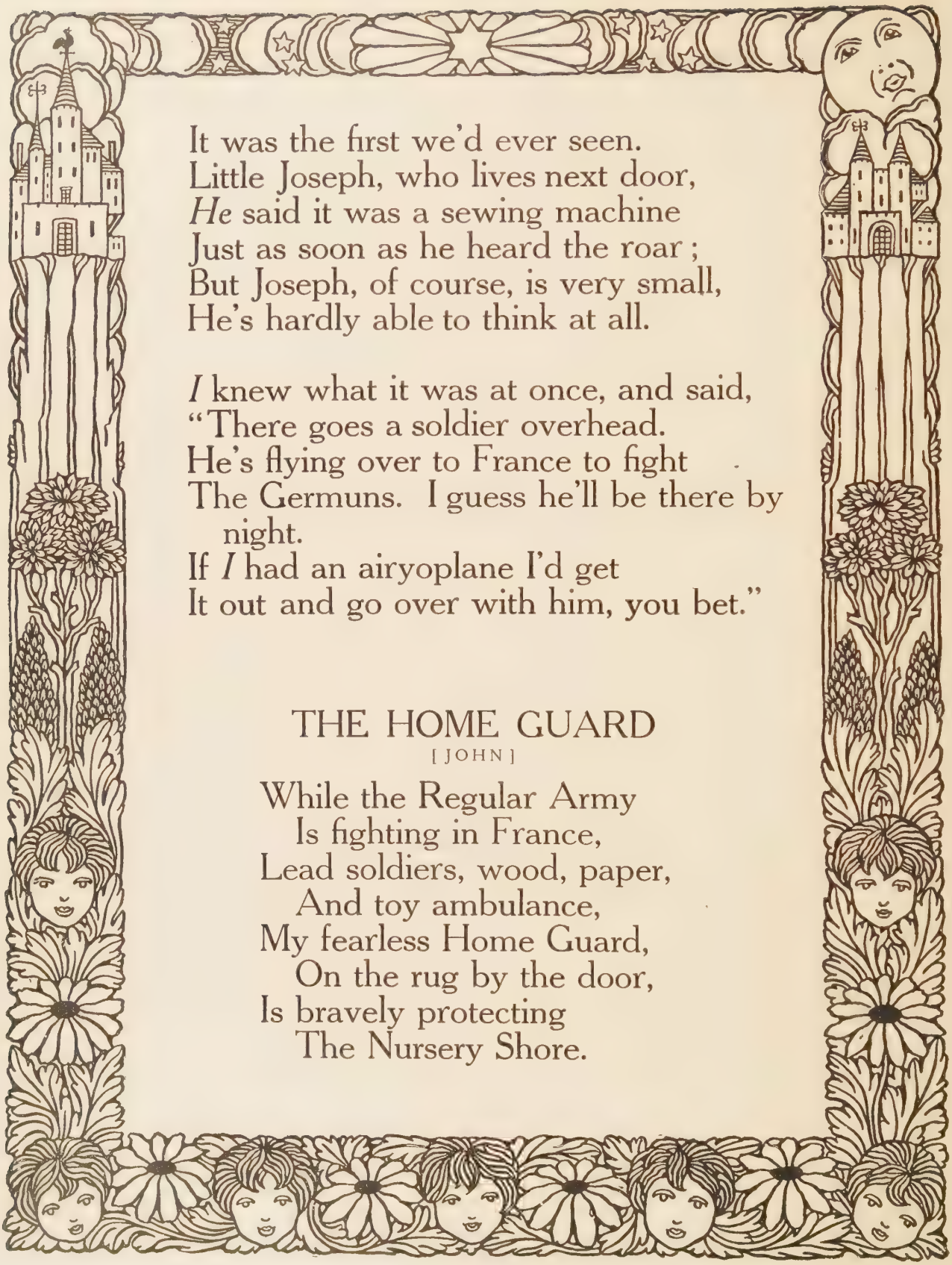
We never dispute
When choosing a game,
We dress just alike,
And our age is the same.
We run on the lawn,
And we sit on the wall,
Of course other people
Can't see her at all.

Sometimes we are playing
Too busy to hear
My dear Mother coming
Until she is near.
I think that she wonders
Because she can't see
The child that she guesses
Is playing with me.

THE AIRPLANE

[JOHN]

Over our house, way up in the sky,
We saw an airyoplane go by.
If it hadn't been for the noise we heard
I guess we'd have thought it was a bird;
But birds go darting and darting round,
And do not make such a roaring sound.



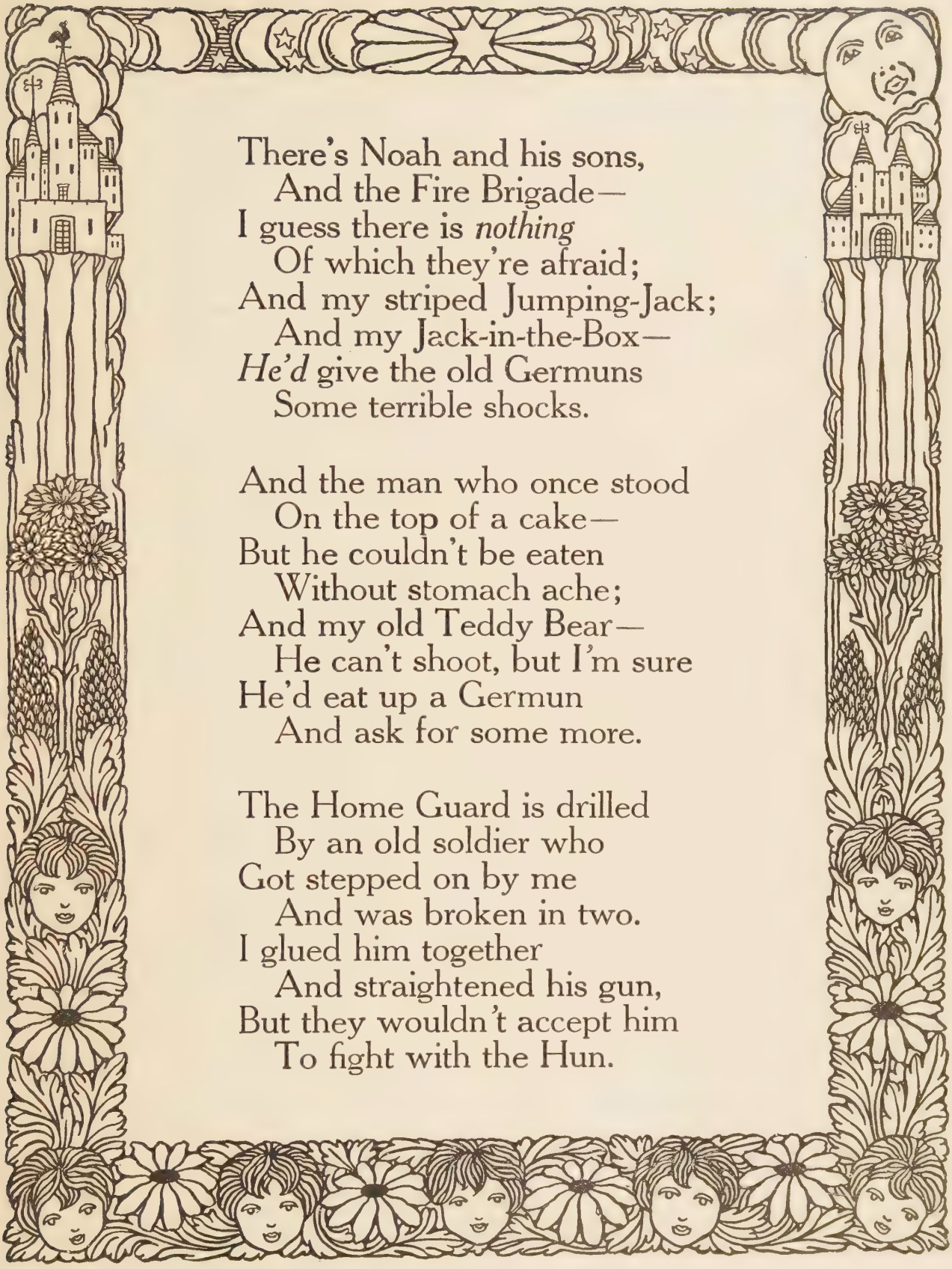
It was the first we'd ever seen.
Little Joseph, who lives next door,
He said it was a sewing machine
Just as soon as he heard the roar ;
But Joseph, of course, is very small,
He's hardly able to think at all.

I knew what it was at once, and said,
"There goes a soldier overhead.
He's flying over to France to fight
The Germuns. I guess he'll be there by night.
If *I* had an airyoplane I'd get
It out and go over with him, you bet."

THE HOME GUARD

[JOHN]

While the Regular Army
Is fighting in France,
Lead soldiers, wood, paper,
And toy ambulance,
My fearless Home Guard,
On the rug by the door,
Is bravely protecting
The Nursery Shore.



There's Noah and his sons,
And the Fire Brigade—
I guess there is *nothing*
Of which they're afraid;
And my striped Jumping-Jack;
And my Jack-in-the-Box—
He'd give the old Germuns
Some terrible shocks.

And the man who once stood
On the top of a cake—
But he couldn't be eaten
Without stomach ache;
And my old Teddy Bear—
He can't shoot, but I'm sure
He'd eat up a Germun
And ask for some more.

The Home Guard is drilled
By an old soldier who
Got stepped on by me
And was broken in two.
I glued him together
And straightened his gun,
But they wouldn't accept him
To fight with the Hun.

THE HOUSE

[JANE]

Our house is all windows,
And through it birds fly:
Its floor is the earth, and
Its roof is the sky.
So when the rain falls, or
The twilight grows deep,
We leave it and run to
The house where we sleep.

The clothes yard is under
An old hollow tree.
The dining-room's made by
A carpet that we
Spread out on the grass, with
A table and chair:
We've only got one, so
We have to play fair.

We take turn about when
The table is spread,
And birds wait for crumbs on
The bough overhead.

MAURICE
DATZ

When dinner is over
We put things away.
We always clean house in
The middle of May.

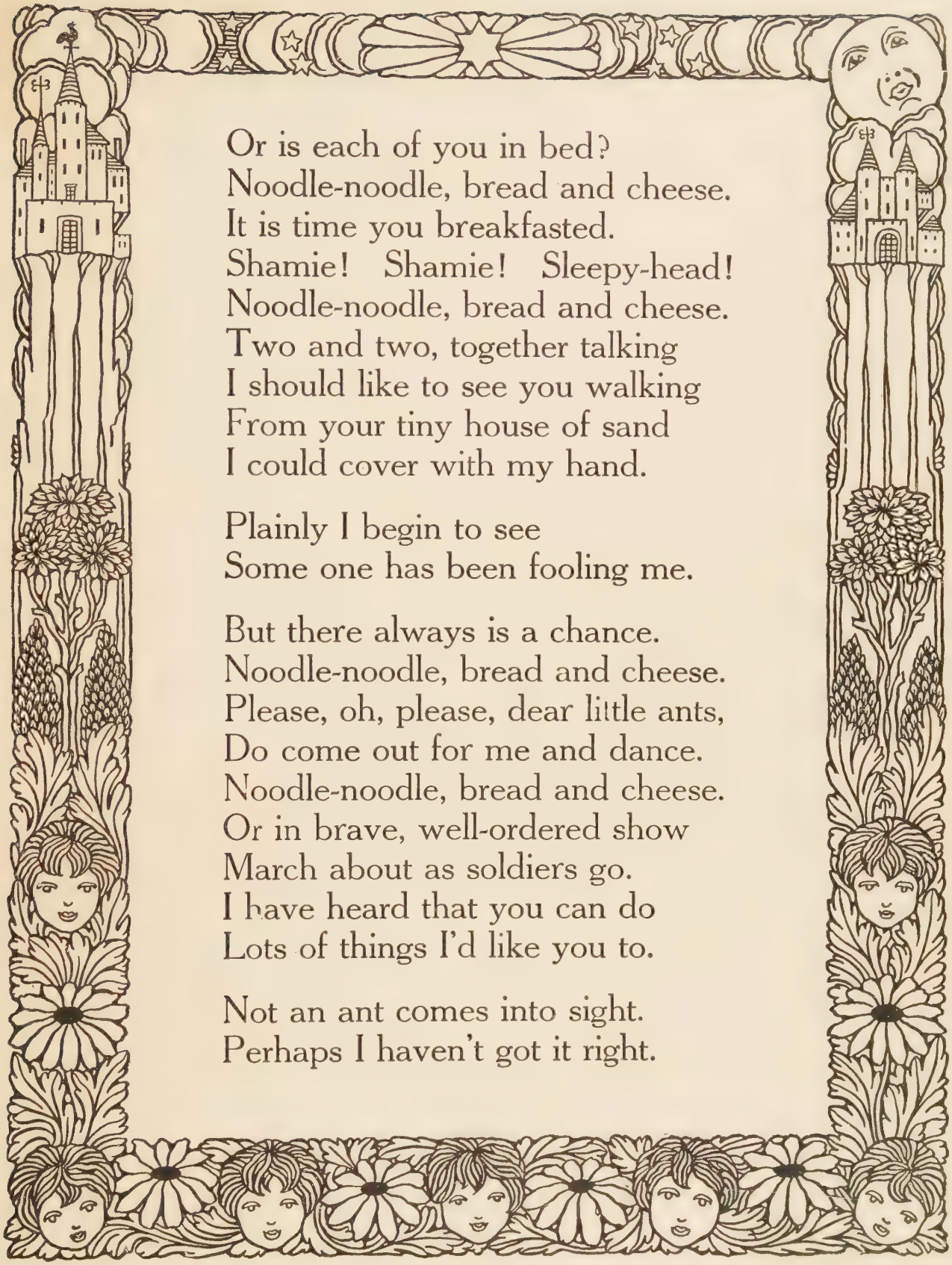
One room at a time is
Quite all that we need.
It makes a house easy
To care for indeed.
When company comes, to
The parlor we go.
We play we have done it,
And then it is so.

THE CHARM

[JOHN]

Little ants, come out and play.
Noodle-noodle, bread and cheese.
It is such a pleasant day,
From your sand house come away.
Noodle-noodle, bread and cheese.
Do you think it's rainy weather
That you stay indoors together?
All in vain I work the charm
That should bring you in a swarm.

I have tried the trick before,
Not an ant comes to the door.

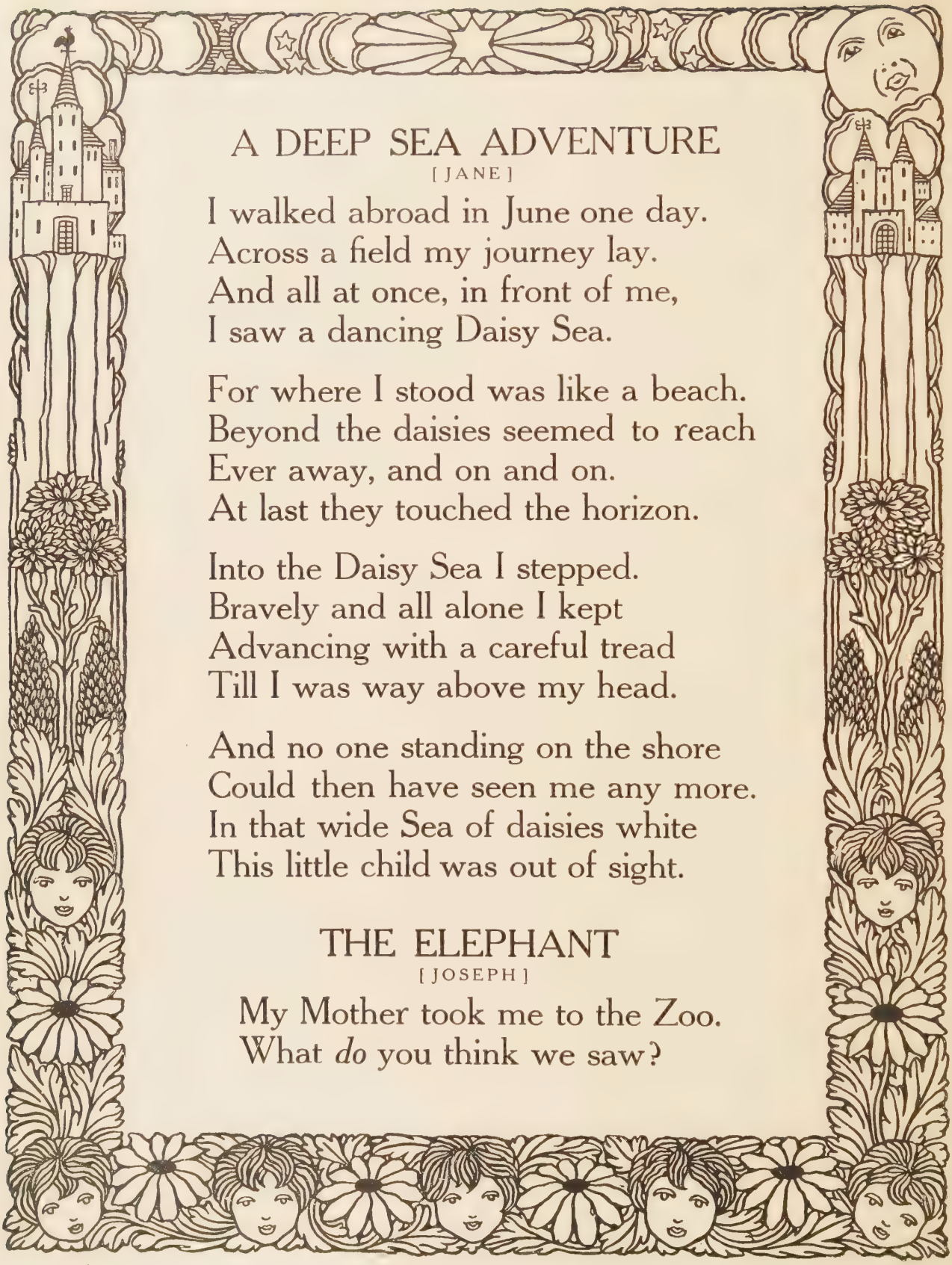


Or is each of you in bed?
Noodle-noodle, bread and cheese.
It is time you breakfasted.
Shamie! Shamie! Sleepy-head!
Noodle-noodle, bread and cheese.
Two and two, together talking
I should like to see you walking
From your tiny house of sand
I could cover with my hand.

Plainly I begin to see
Some one has been fooling me.

But there always is a chance.
Noodle-noodle, bread and cheese.
Please, oh, please, dear little ants,
Do come out for me and dance.
Noodle-noodle, bread and cheese.
Or in brave, well-ordered show
March about as soldiers go.
I have heard that you can do
Lots of things I'd like you to.

Not an ant comes into sight.
Perhaps I haven't got it right.



A DEEP SEA ADVENTURE

[JANE]

I walked abroad in June one day.
Across a field my journey lay.
And all at once, in front of me,
I saw a dancing Daisy Sea.

For where I stood was like a beach.
Beyond the daisies seemed to reach
Ever away, and on and on.
At last they touched the horizon.

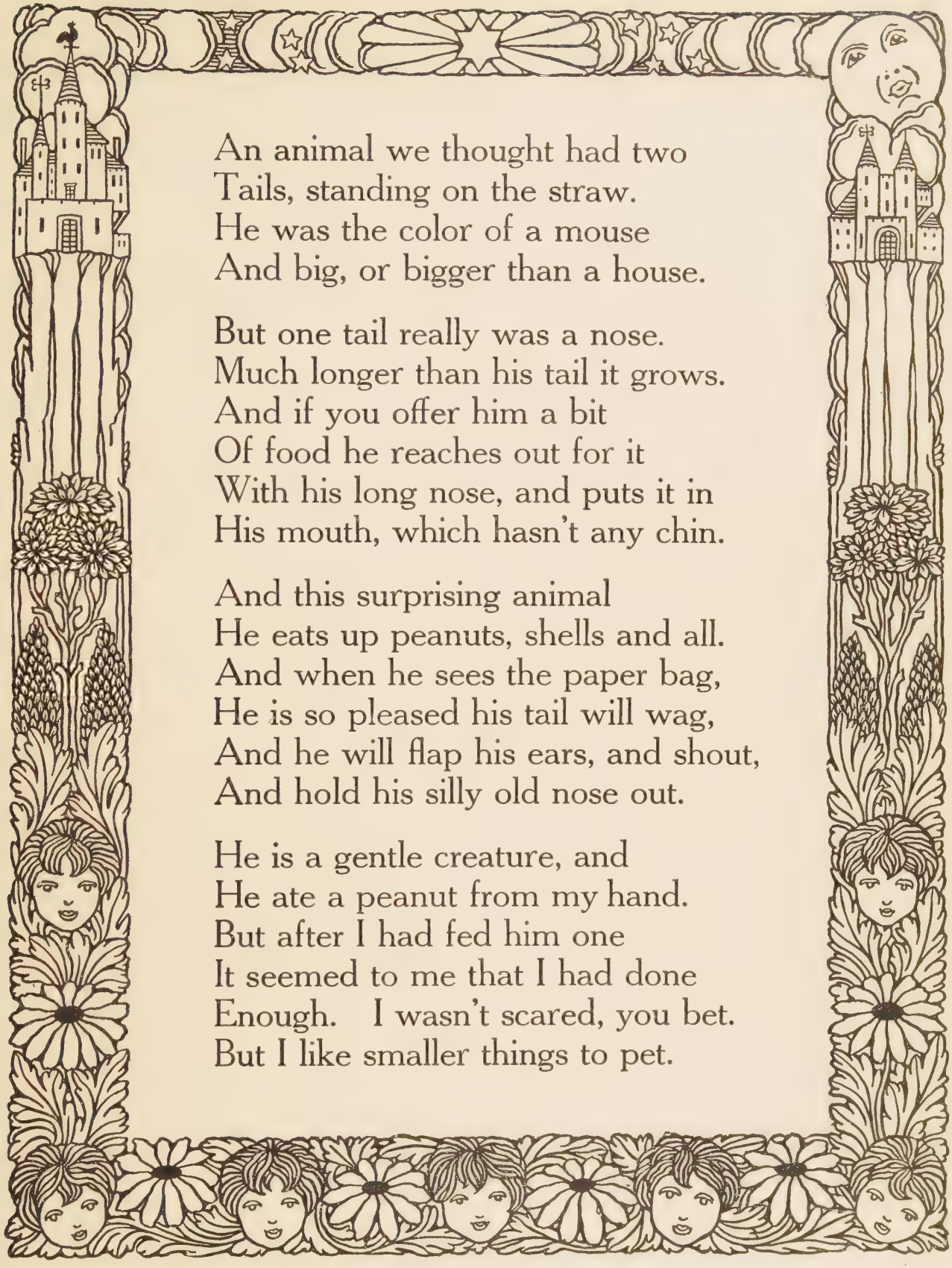
Into the Daisy Sea I stepped.
Bravely and all alone I kept
Advancing with a careful tread
Till I was way above my head.

And no one standing on the shore
Could then have seen me any more.
In that wide Sea of daisies white
This little child was out of sight.

THE ELEPHANT

[JOSEPH]

My Mother took me to the Zoo.
What *do* you think we saw?

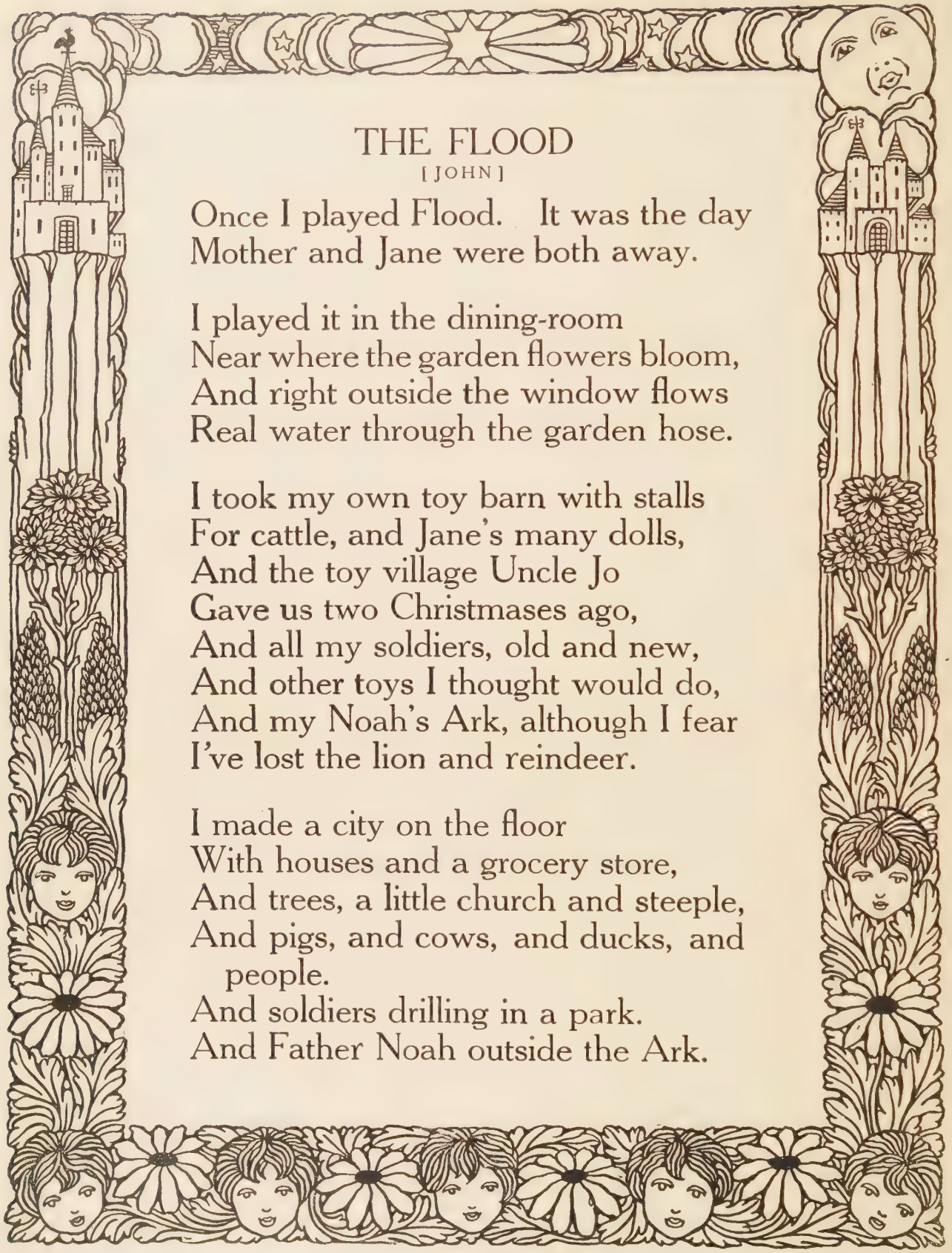


An animal we thought had two
Tails, standing on the straw.
He was the color of a mouse
And big, or bigger than a house.

But one tail really was a nose.
Much longer than his tail it grows.
And if you offer him a bit
Of food he reaches out for it
With his long nose, and puts it in
His mouth, which hasn't any chin.

And this surprising animal
He eats up peanuts, shells and all.
And when he sees the paper bag,
He is so pleased his tail will wag,
And he will flap his ears, and shout,
And hold his silly old nose out.

He is a gentle creature, and
He ate a peanut from my hand.
But after I had fed him one
It seemed to me that I had done
Enough. I wasn't scared, you bet.
But I like smaller things to pet.



THE FLOOD

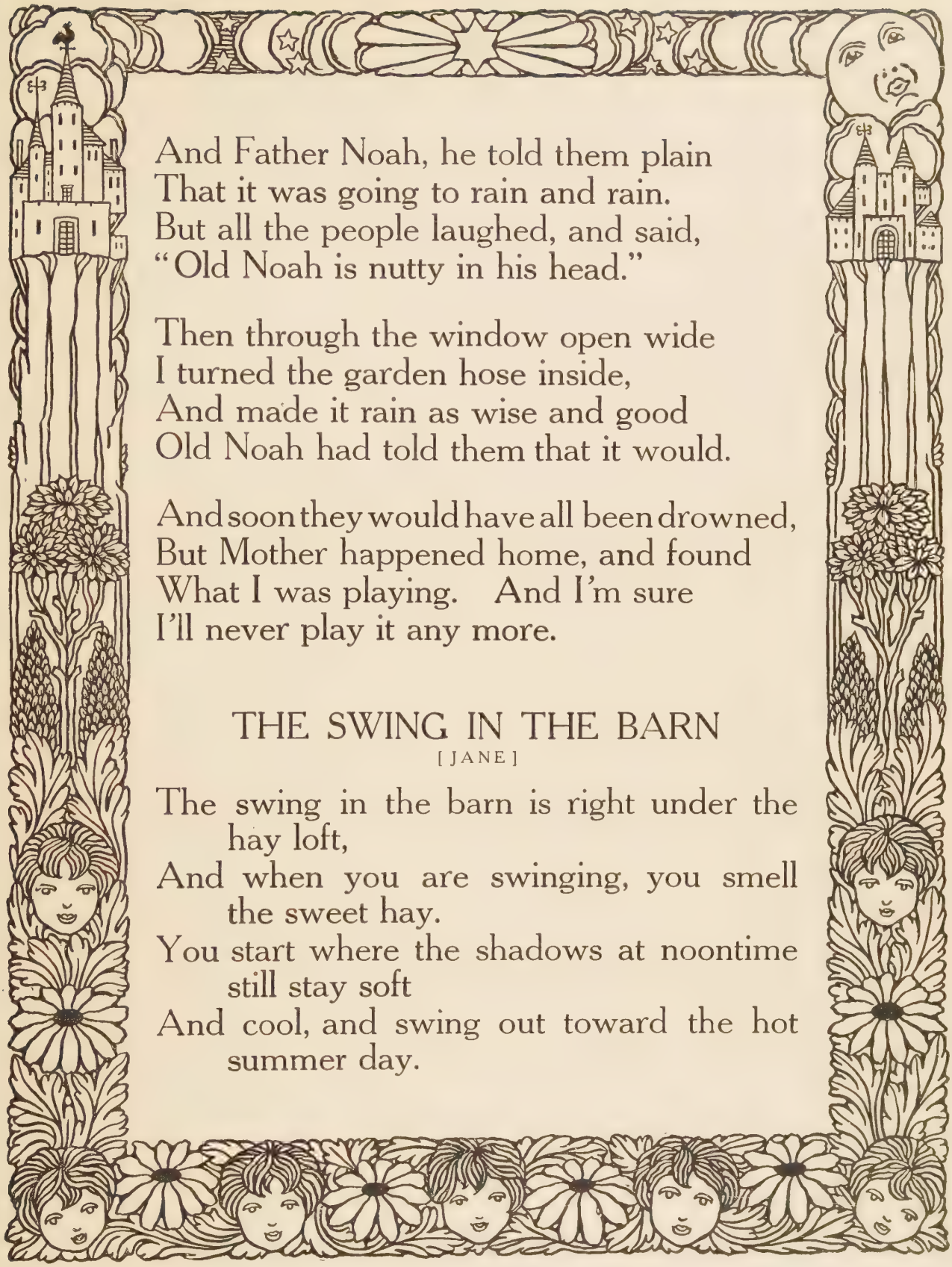
[JOHN]

Once I played Flood. It was the day
Mother and Jane were both away.

I played it in the dining-room
Near where the garden flowers bloom,
And right outside the window flows
Real water through the garden hose.

I took my own toy barn with stalls
For cattle, and Jane's many dolls,
And the toy village Uncle Jo
Gave us two Christmases ago,
And all my soldiers, old and new,
And other toys I thought would do,
And my Noah's Ark, although I fear
I've lost the lion and reindeer.

I made a city on the floor
With houses and a grocery store,
And trees, a little church and steeple,
And pigs, and cows, and ducks, and
people.
And soldiers drilling in a park.
And Father Noah outside the Ark.



And Father Noah, he told them plain
That it was going to rain and rain.
But all the people laughed, and said,
"Old Noah is nutty in his head."

Then through the window open wide
I turned the garden hose inside,
And made it rain as wise and good
Old Noah had told them that it would.

And soon they would have all been drowned,
But Mother happened home, and found
What I was playing. And I'm sure
I'll never play it any more.

THE SWING IN THE BARN

[JANE]

The swing in the barn is right under the
hay loft,
And when you are swinging, you smell
the sweet hay.
You start where the shadows at noontime
still stay soft
And cool, and swing out toward the hot
summer day.

And through the wide open and sunshiny
barn door
It looks like a picture hung up on a wall.
There's a kind of gold rug on the dusty old
barn floor.
You hold tight above it for fear you may
fall.

I guess it's like flying. I know that it would be
If I could keep going and going as high
As birds do. I wonder if up there I could see
The world turning round and the houses
go by.

THE BAND

[JOHN]

When the band comes along the street
Sometimes it does not play. The drum
Monotonously goes tum-tum
tum-tum
tumpety-tum
To mark the time for marching feet.

But presently a tiny sound
One trumpet makes: and all around
The music-things are raised, and then
I know the band will play again.

And suddenly, as thunder comes,
The horns and trumpets, flutes and
drums
Crash into glorious noise that breaks
All over me in little shakes.

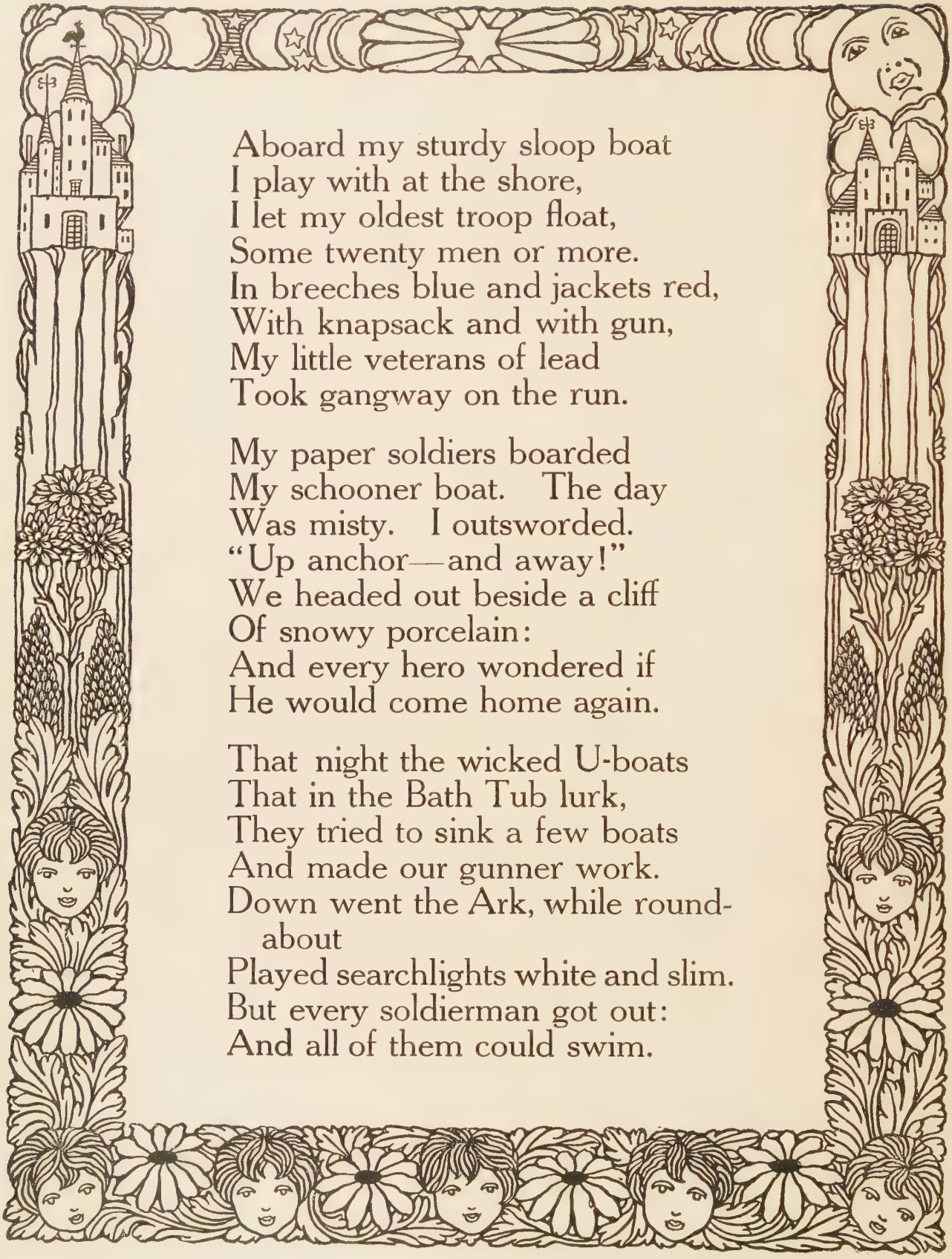
And all inside me seems to swell
With feelings that I cannot tell.
And I am glad: I can't see why
Just then I *almost* want to cry.

But when the band is out of sight
And I can hear it far away,
It sounds as my tin bandsmen might
If they could really play.

THE TRANSPORT

[JOHN]

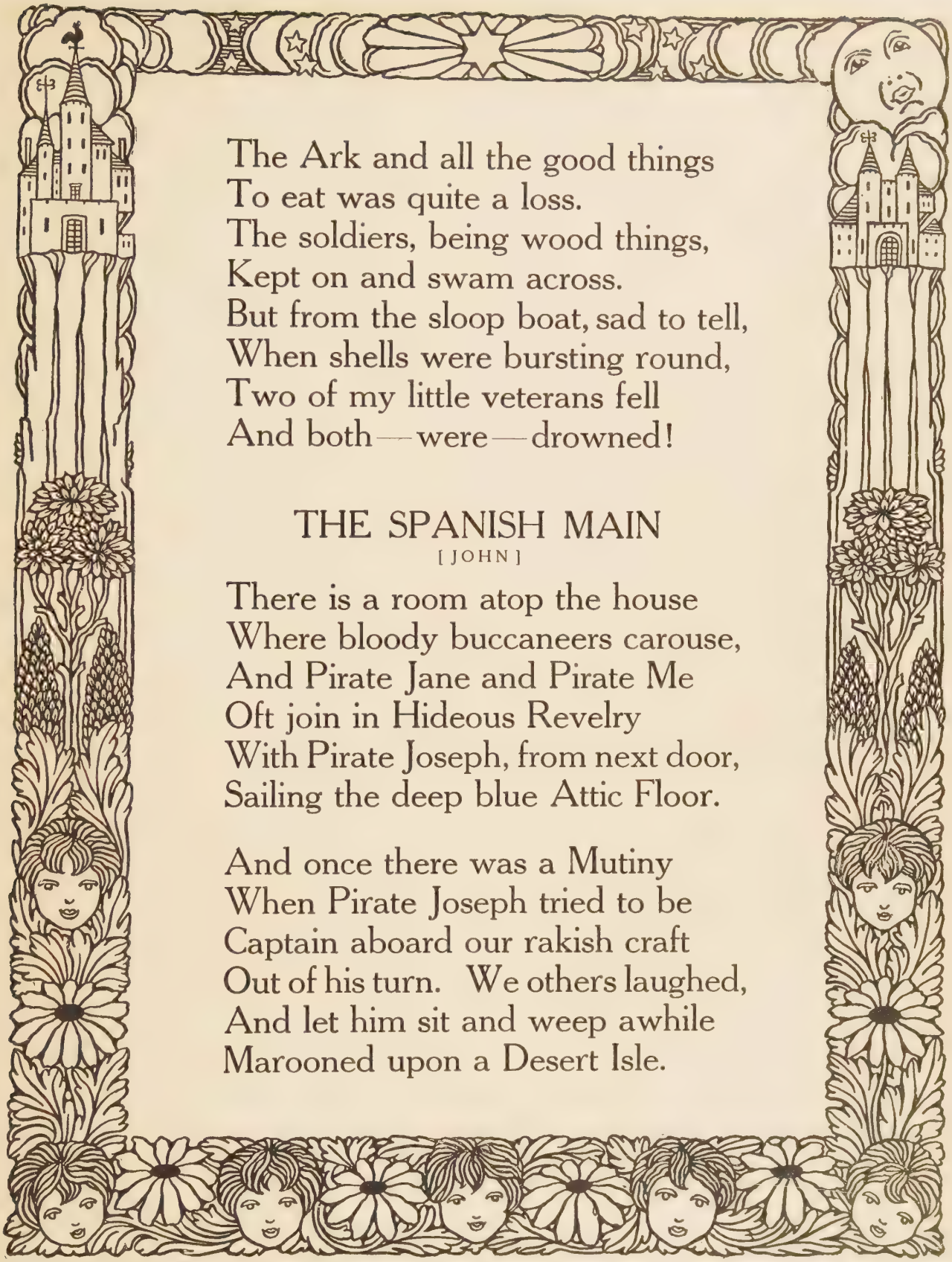
Upon the Bath Tub Ocean,
With gunboats in advance,
I set my ships in motion
To bear my troops to France.
The largest was my Noah's Ark:
My soldiers made of wood
On that good ship I saw embark
With cannon, guns and food.



Aboard my sturdy sloop boat
I play with at the shore,
I let my oldest troop float,
Some twenty men or more.
In breeches blue and jackets red,
With knapsack and with gun,
My little veterans of lead
Took gangway on the run.

My paper soldiers boarded
My schooner boat. The day
Was misty. I outsworded.
"Up anchor—and away!"
We headed out beside a cliff
Of snowy porcelain:
And every hero wondered if
He would come home again.

That night the wicked U-boats
That in the Bath Tub lurk,
They tried to sink a few boats
And made our gunner work.
Down went the Ark, while round-
about
Played searchlights white and slim.
But every soldierman got out:
And all of them could swim.



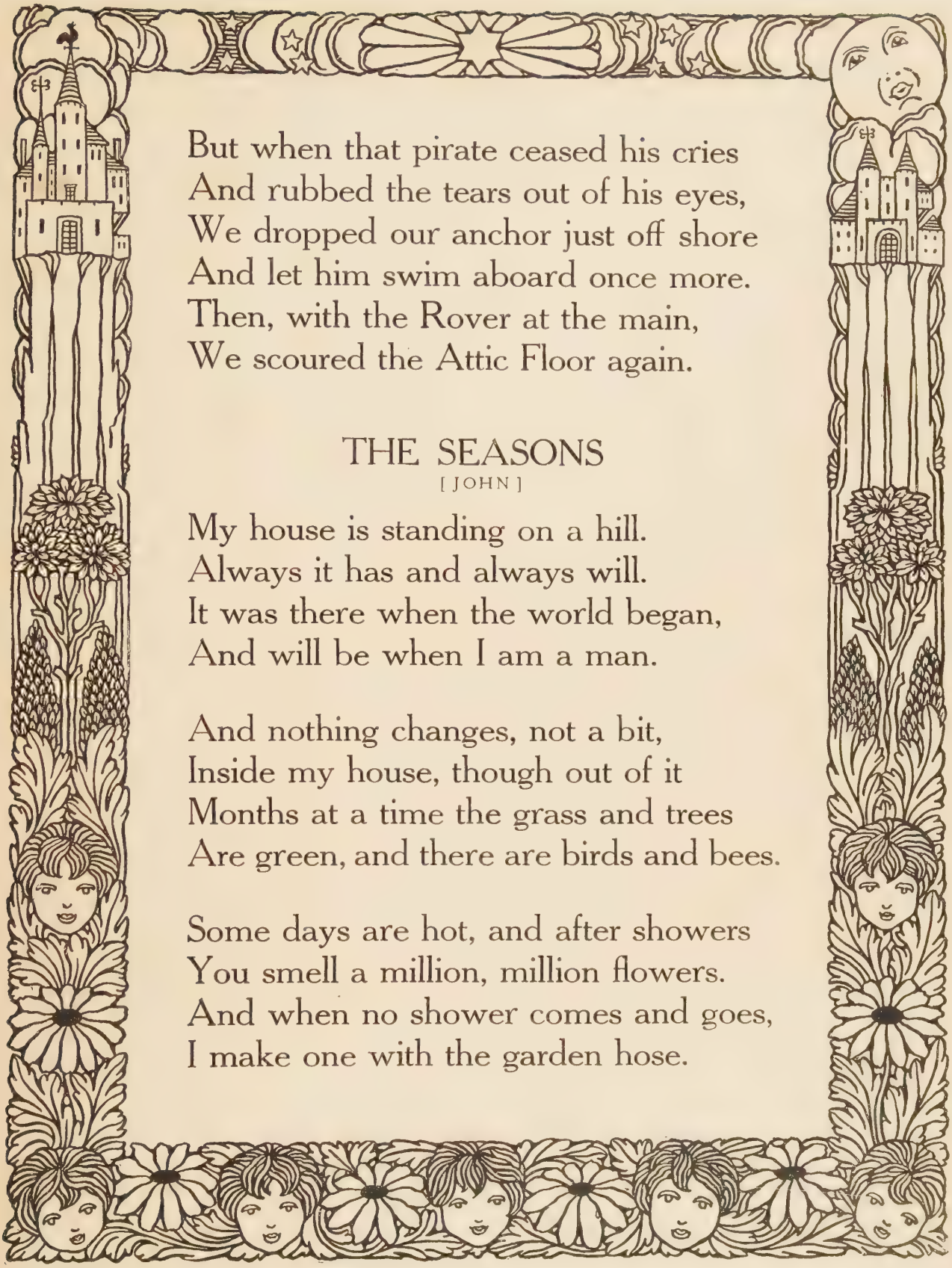
The Ark and all the good things
To eat was quite a loss.
The soldiers, being wood things,
Kept on and swam across.
But from the sloop boat, sad to tell,
When shells were bursting round,
Two of my little veterans fell
And both — were — drowned!

THE SPANISH MAIN

[JOHN]

There is a room atop the house
Where bloody buccaneers carouse,
And Pirate Jane and Pirate Me
Oft join in Hideous Revelry
With Pirate Joseph, from next door,
Sailing the deep blue Attic Floor.

And once there was a Mutiny
When Pirate Joseph tried to be
Captain aboard our rakish craft
Out of his turn. We others laughed,
And let him sit and weep awhile
Marooned upon a Desert Isle.



But when that pirate ceased his cries
And rubbed the tears out of his eyes,
We dropped our anchor just off shore
And let him swim aboard once more.
Then, with the Rover at the main,
We scoured the Attic Floor again.

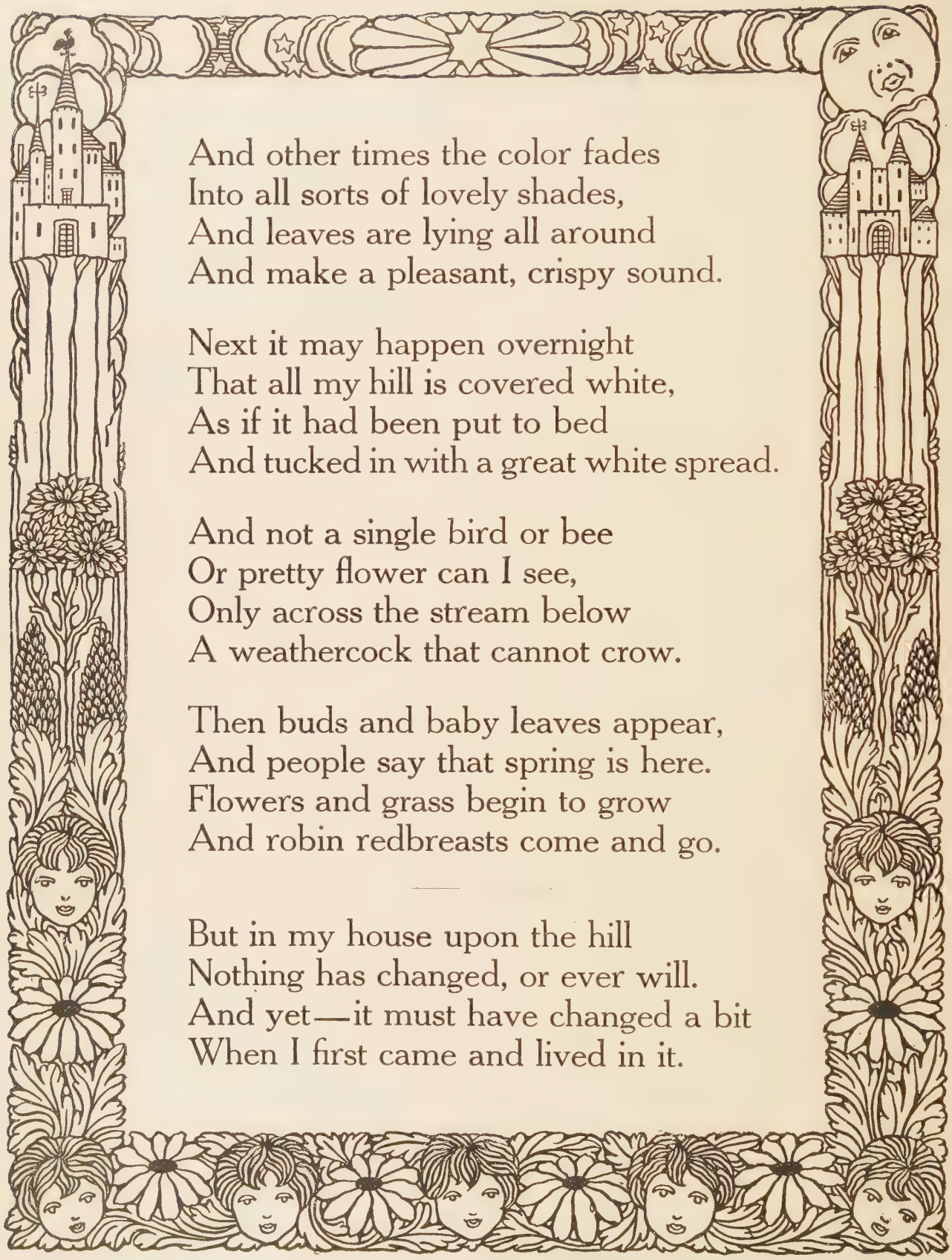
THE SEASONS

[JOHN]

My house is standing on a hill.
Always it has and always will.
It was there when the world began,
And will be when I am a man.

And nothing changes, not a bit,
Inside my house, though out of it
Months at a time the grass and trees
Are green, and there are birds and bees.

Some days are hot, and after showers
You smell a million, million flowers.
And when no shower comes and goes,
I make one with the garden hose.



And other times the color fades
Into all sorts of lovely shades,
And leaves are lying all around
And make a pleasant, crispy sound.

Next it may happen overnight
That all my hill is covered white,
As if it had been put to bed
And tucked in with a great white spread.

And not a single bird or bee
Or pretty flower can I see,
Only across the stream below
A weathercock that cannot crow.

Then buds and baby leaves appear,
And people say that spring is here.
Flowers and grass begin to grow
And robin redbreasts come and go.

But in my house upon the hill
Nothing has changed, or ever will.
And yet—it must have changed a bit
When I first came and lived in it.

CRADLE SONG

[JANE]

Rockaby
I'll sing to you
As my Mother used to do
When I was a baby, too.
Baby, Baby, rockaby.
Yes, my darling, Mother knows
That your eyes you cannot close,
For they are not made that way
But must always open stay.
Baby, Baby, rockaby.

And I love you more, I s'pose,
'Cause you haven't any nose.

Children are such little cares.
Baby, Baby, rockaby.
And they give their mothers scares
Falling down the cellar stairs,
And they cause them *such* distresses
Ruining their pretty dresses,
Having tantrums and sicknesses.
Baby, Baby, rockaby.

But you never cause me, dear,
Any worry, fret, or fear.
All your little life you've smiled
And been just a perfect child.
Baby, Baby, rockaby.

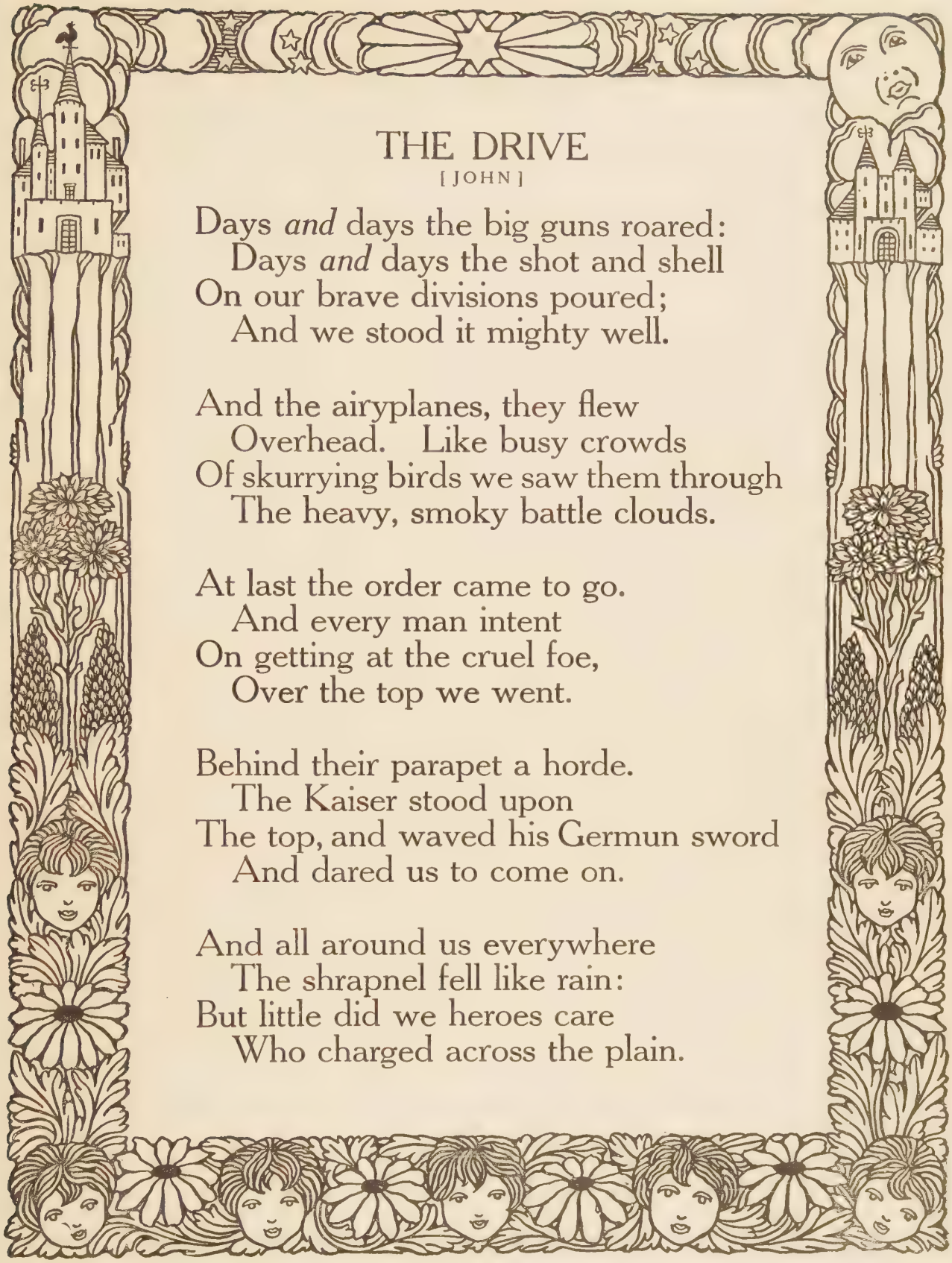
A BOOK-LOVER

[JOSEPH]

My Pop is *always* buying books:
So that Mom says his study looks
  Just like an old book store.
The book shelves are so full and tall
They hide the paper on the wall,
  And there are books just every-
    where,
  On table, window seat, and chair,
And books right on the floor.

And every little while he buys
More books, and brings them home
    and tries
To find a place where they will fit,
And has an awful time of it.

Once when I asked him *why* he got
So many books, he said, "Why not?"
I've puzzled over that a lot.



THE DRIVE

[JOHN]

Days *and* days the big guns roared:
  Days *and* days the shot and shell
On our brave divisions poured;
  And we stood it mighty well.

And the airyplanes, they flew
  Overhead. Like busy crowds
Of skurrying birds we saw them through
  The heavy, smoky battle clouds.

At last the order came to go.
  And every man intent
On getting at the cruel foe,
  Over the top we went.

Behind their parapet a horde.
  The Kaiser stood upon
The top, and waved his Germun sword
  And dared us to come on.

And all around us everywhere
  The shrapnel fell like rain:
But little did we heroes care
  Who charged across the plain.

Cheering 'cross No Man's Land we ran,
Ten thousand men, and more.
Our armored tanks were in the van,
And lumbered on before.

We struck the Enemy. My Word!
No force our drive could stay.
The Kaiser dropped his Germun sword,
And quickly ran away.

METAMORPHOSIS

[JOHN]

Somewhere on the Ocean is
The boy who brought our groceries
Before the War began.
His name is Willie, and he took
The orders daily from the cook,
And wrote them in his little book,
And carried off the can
In which we keep our kerosene.

He wasn't very neat and clean.

But now so neat and clean he is,
The boy who brought our groceries,
And stands so straight
You'd never know him for the same
Stoop-shouldered, careless boy who came,
And often got a lot of blame
For bringing things so late.
He was so shiftless, goodness knows
If he had ever brushed his clothes!

But now a soldier man he is,
The boy who brought our groceries,
And gone to shoot a Hun.
Sunday he called on Cook to say
Good-by before he went away:
And Pop shook hands with him that day
As proud as anyone.
He is so soldierly and trim
We all are proud of knowing him.

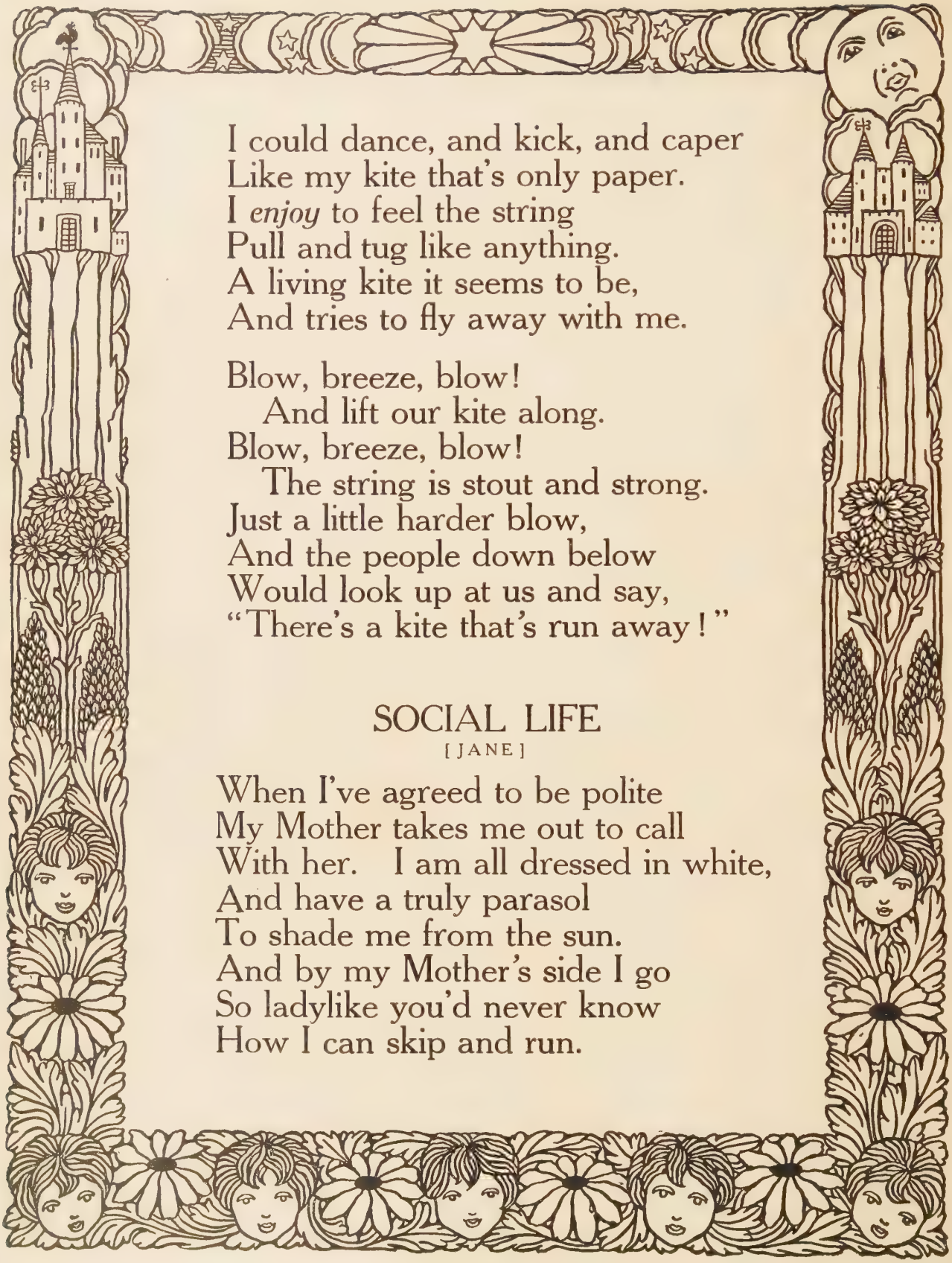
KITE WEATHER

[JOHN]

To the South the geese are going.
Across the world a breeze is blowing—
Blowing leaves from every tree,
Blowing ships upon the sea,
Blowing hats off people's heads,
Blowing chimney smoke to threads,
Blowing till the curtain flutters,
Slamming doors, and shaking shutters.
Then's the time to fly your kite,
But you have to hold it tight.

Blow, breeze, blow!
  And lift your kite along.
Blow, breeze, blow!
  The string is stout and strong.
Just a little harder blow,
Up and up we, too, would go.
People would look up and stare,
Seeing children in the air.

To the South the geese are going.
Across the world a breeze is blowing—
Blowing something, it is clear,
Into me that's wild and queer.



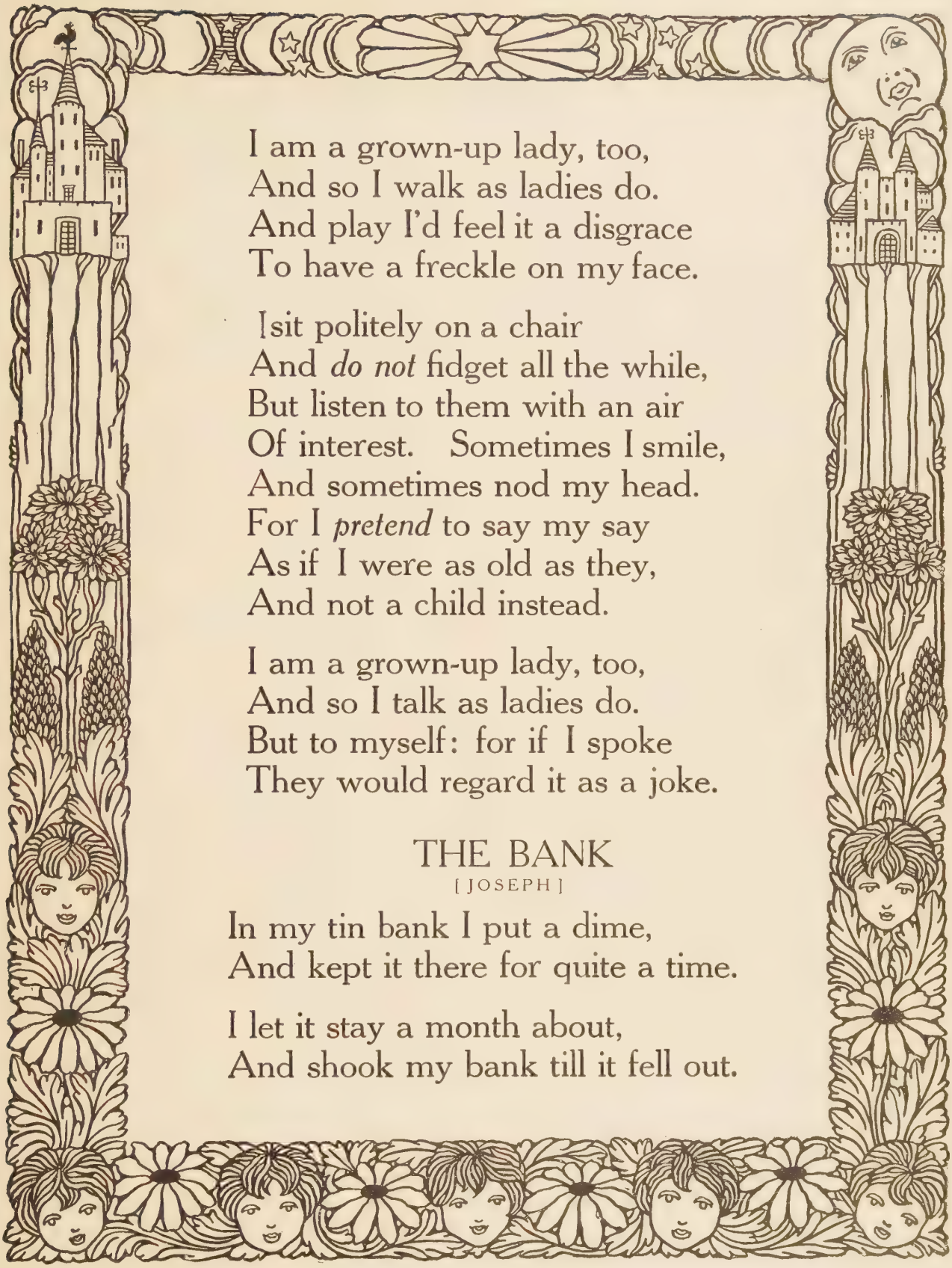
I could dance, and kick, and caper
Like my kite that's only paper.
I *enjoy* to feel the string
Pull and tug like anything.
A living kite it seems to be,
And tries to fly away with me.

Blow, breeze, blow!
  And lift our kite along.
Blow, breeze, blow!
  The string is stout and strong.
Just a little harder blow,
And the people down below
Would look up at us and say,
"There's a kite that's run away!"

SOCIAL LIFE

[JANE]

When I've agreed to be polite
My Mother takes me out to call
With her. I am all dressed in white,
And have a truly parasol
To shade me from the sun.
And by my Mother's side I go
So ladylike you'd never know
How I can skip and run.



I am a grown-up lady, too,
And so I walk as ladies do.
And play I'd feel it a disgrace
To have a freckle on my face.

I sit politely on a chair
And *do not* fidget all the while,
But listen to them with an air
Of interest. Sometimes I smile,
And sometimes nod my head.
For I *pretend* to say my say
As if I were as old as they,
And not a child instead.

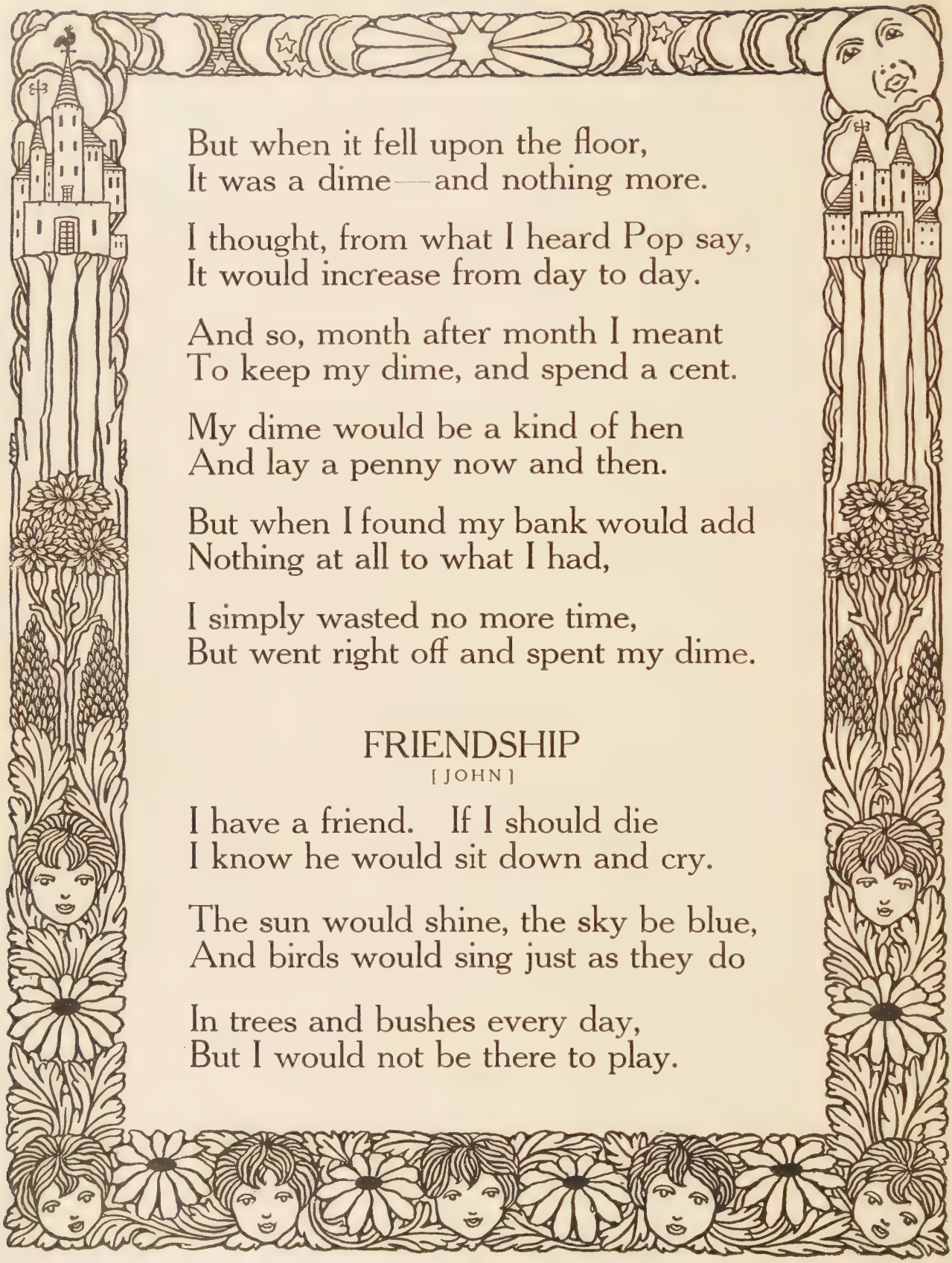
I am a grown-up lady, too,
And so I talk as ladies do.
But to myself: for if I spoke
They would regard it as a joke.

THE BANK

[JOSEPH]

In my tin bank I put a dime,
And kept it there for quite a time.

I let it stay a month about,
And shook my bank till it fell out.



But when it fell upon the floor,
It was a dime—and nothing more.

I thought, from what I heard Pop say,
It would increase from day to day.

And so, month after month I meant
To keep my dime, and spend a cent.

My dime would be a kind of hen
And lay a penny now and then.

But when I found my bank would add
Nothing at all to what I had,

I simply wasted no more time,
But went right off and spent my dime.

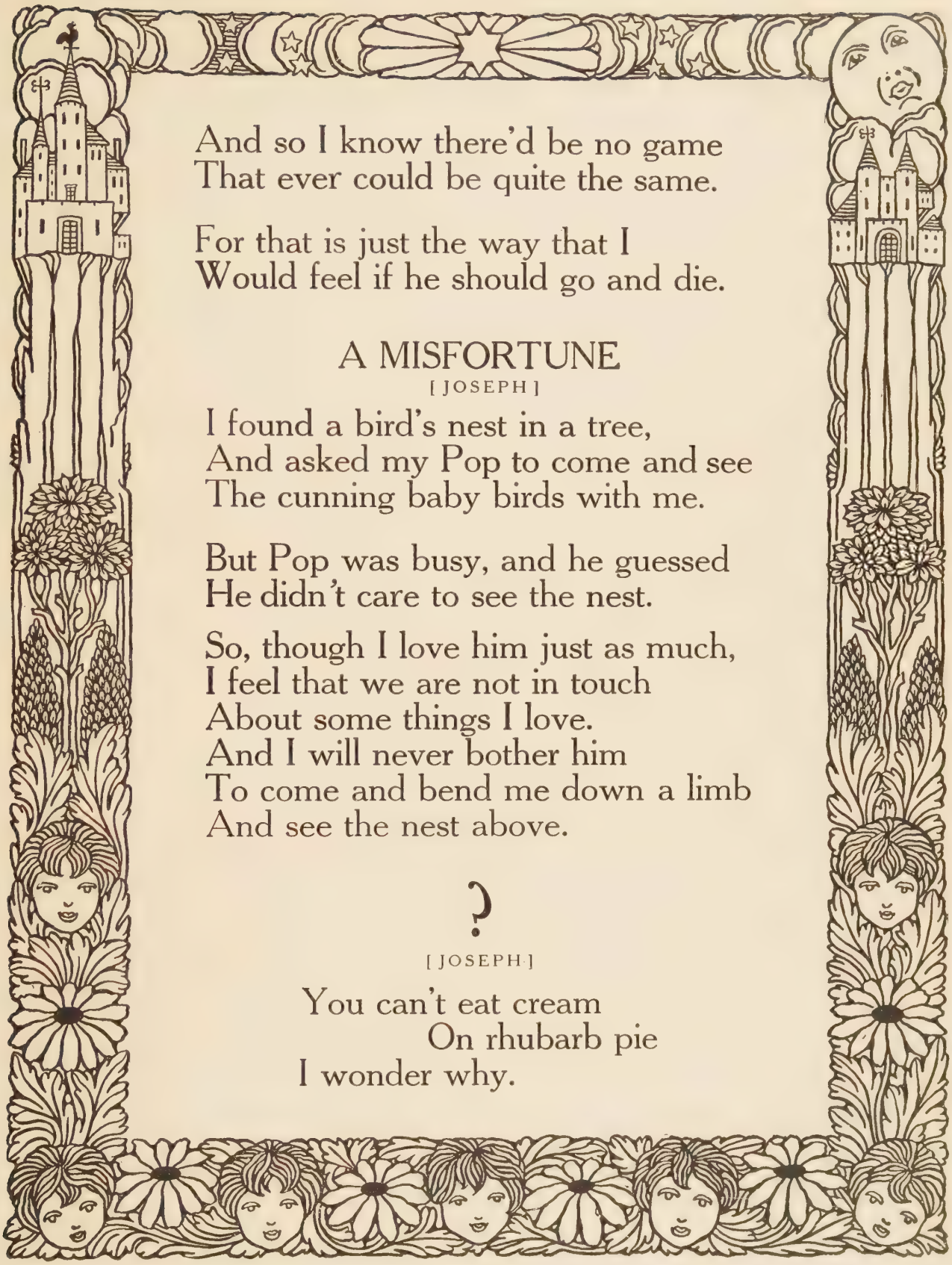
FRIENDSHIP

[JOHN]

I have a friend. If I should die
I know he would sit down and cry.

The sun would shine, the sky be blue,
And birds would sing just as they do

In trees and bushes every day,
But I would not be there to play.



And so I know there'd be no game
That ever could be quite the same.

For that is just the way that I
Would feel if he should go and die.

A MISFORTUNE

[JOSEPH]

I found a bird's nest in a tree,
And asked my Pop to come and see
The cunning baby birds with me.

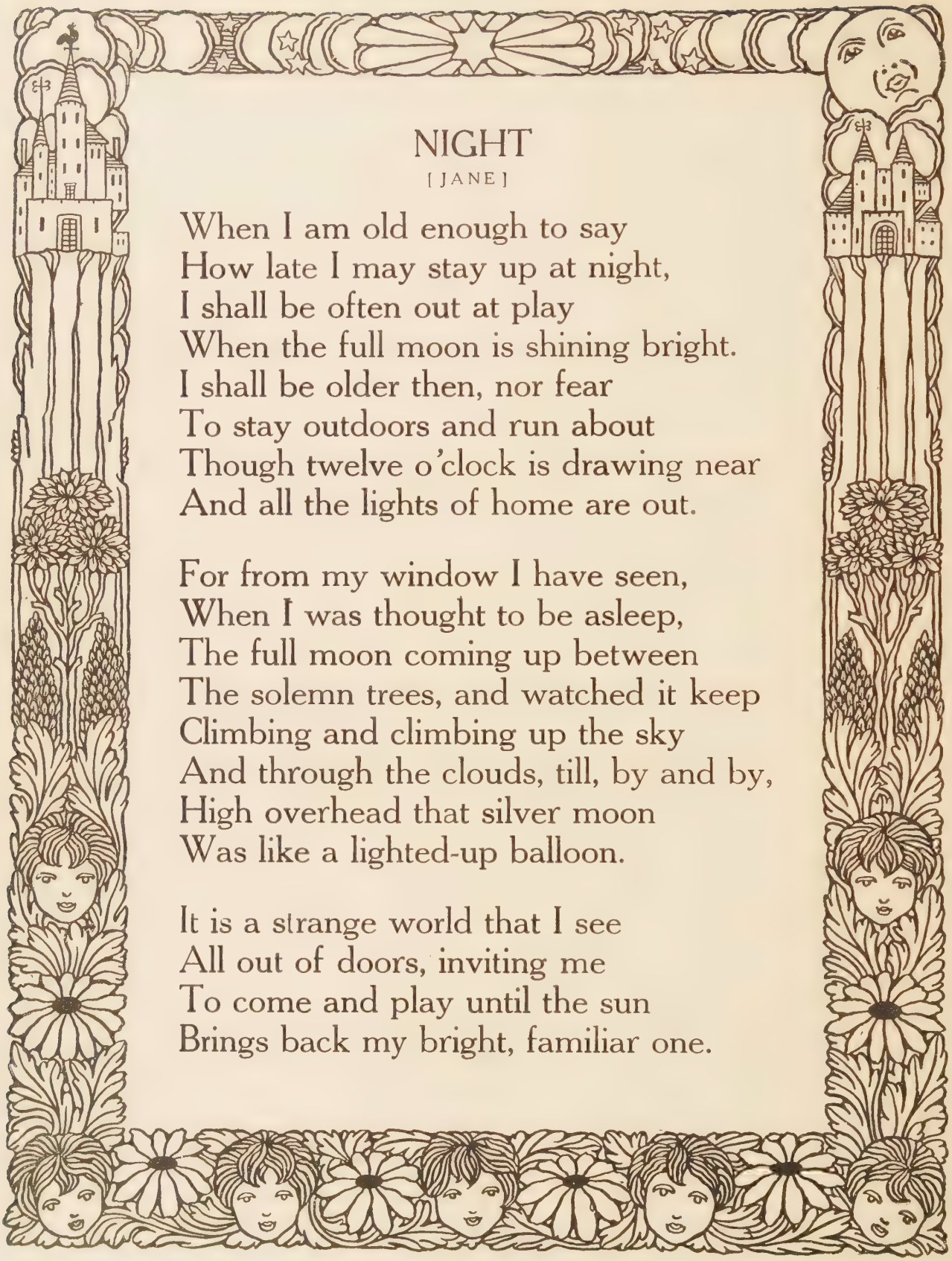
But Pop was busy, and he guessed
He didn't care to see the nest.

So, though I love him just as much,
I feel that we are not in touch
About some things I love.
And I will never bother him
To come and bend me down a limb
And see the nest above.

?

[JOSEPH]

You can't eat cream
On rhubarb pie
I wonder why.



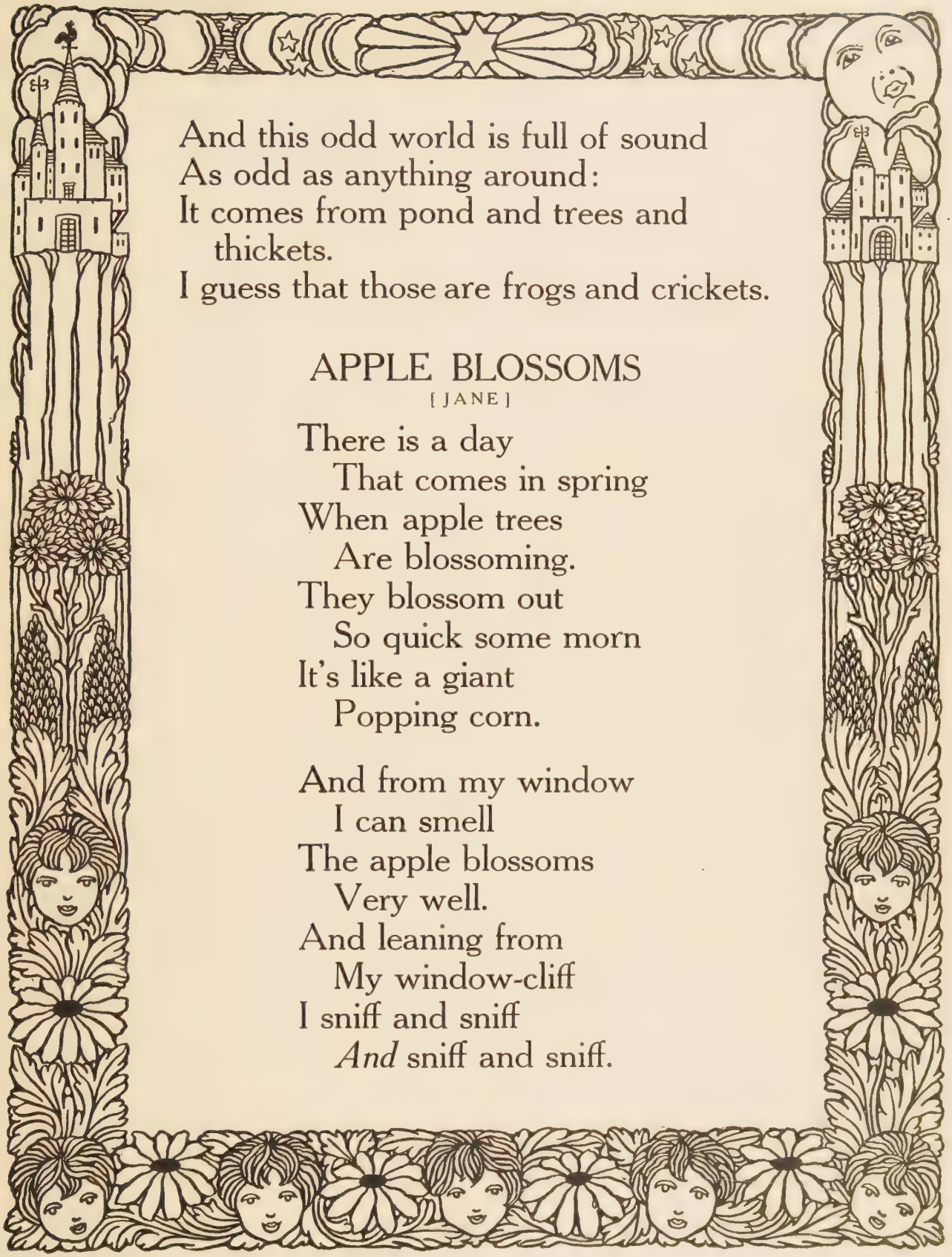
NIGHT

[JANE]

When I am old enough to say
How late I may stay up at night,
I shall be often out at play
When the full moon is shining bright.
I shall be older then, nor fear
To stay outdoors and run about
Though twelve o'clock is drawing near
And all the lights of home are out.

For from my window I have seen,
When I was thought to be asleep,
The full moon coming up between
The solemn trees, and watched it keep
Climbing and climbing up the sky
And through the clouds, till, by and by,
High overhead that silver moon
Was like a lighted-up balloon.

It is a strange world that I see
All out of doors, inviting me
To come and play until the sun
Brings back my bright, familiar one.



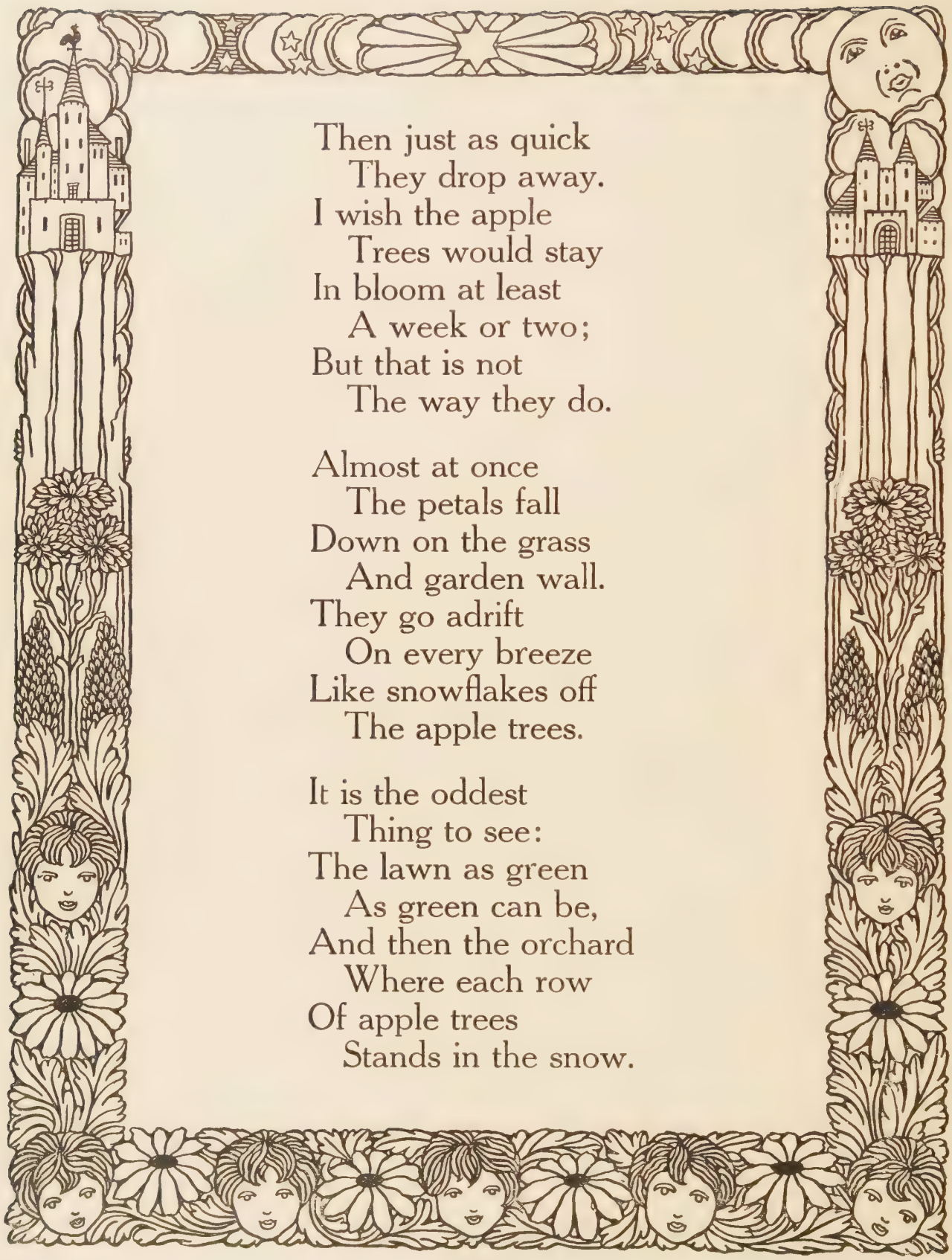
And this odd world is full of sound
As odd as anything around:
It comes from pond and trees and
thickets.
I guess that those are frogs and crickets.

APPLE BLOSSOMS

[JANE]

There is a day
That comes in spring
When apple trees
Are blossoming.
They blossom out
So quick some morn
It's like a giant
Popping corn.

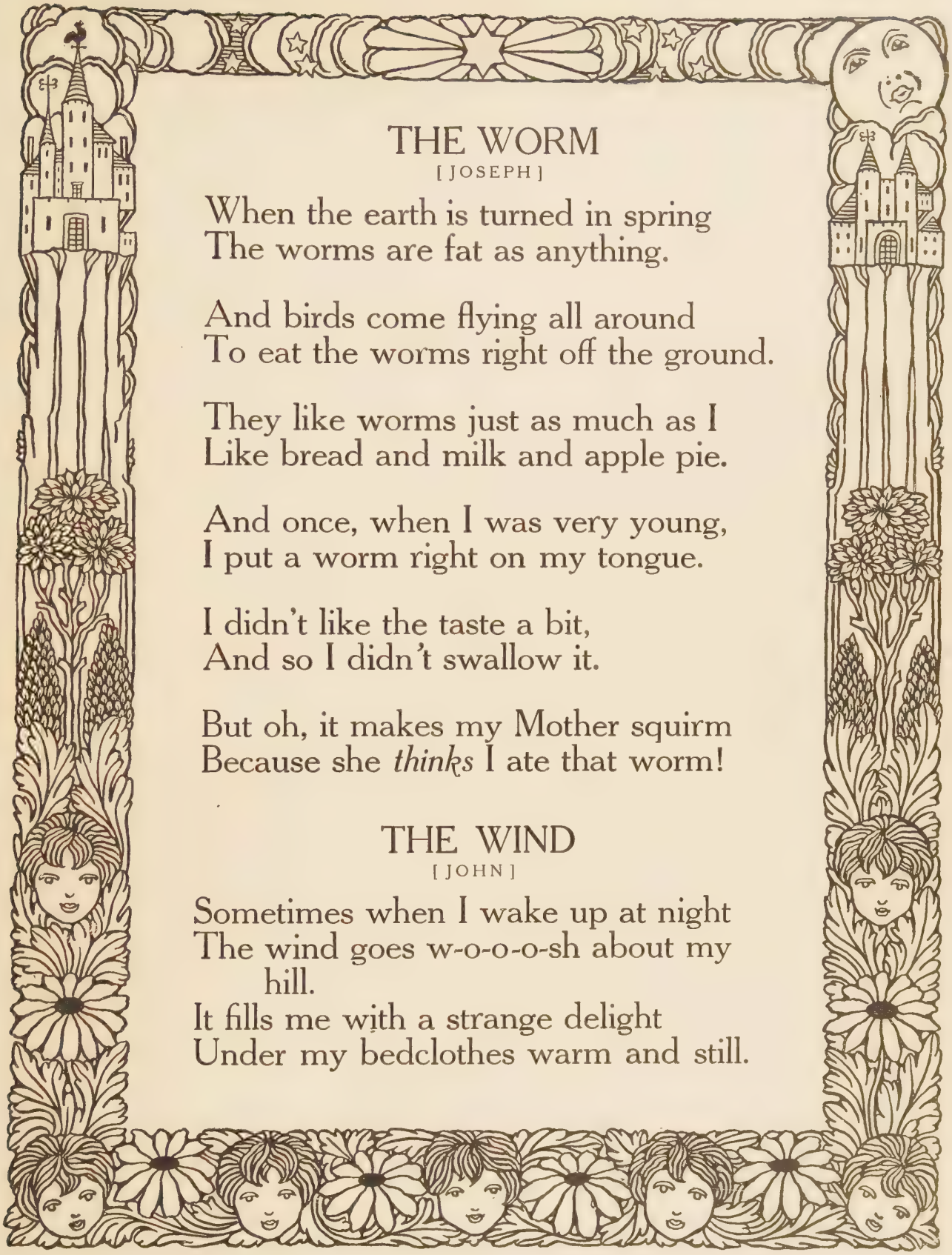
And from my window
I can smell
The apple blossoms
Very well.
And leaning from
My window-cliff
I sniff and sniff
And sniff and sniff.



Then just as quick
They drop away.
I wish the apple
Trees would stay
In bloom at least
A week or two;
But that is not
The way they do.

Almost at once
The petals fall
Down on the grass
And garden wall.
They go adrift
On every breeze
Like snowflakes off
The apple trees.

It is the oddest
Thing to see:
The lawn as green
As green can be,
And then the orchard
Where each row
Of apple trees
Stands in the snow.



THE WORM

[JOSEPH]

When the earth is turned in spring
The worms are fat as anything.

And birds come flying all around
To eat the worms right off the ground.

They like worms just as much as I
Like bread and milk and apple pie.

And once, when I was very young,
I put a worm right on my tongue.

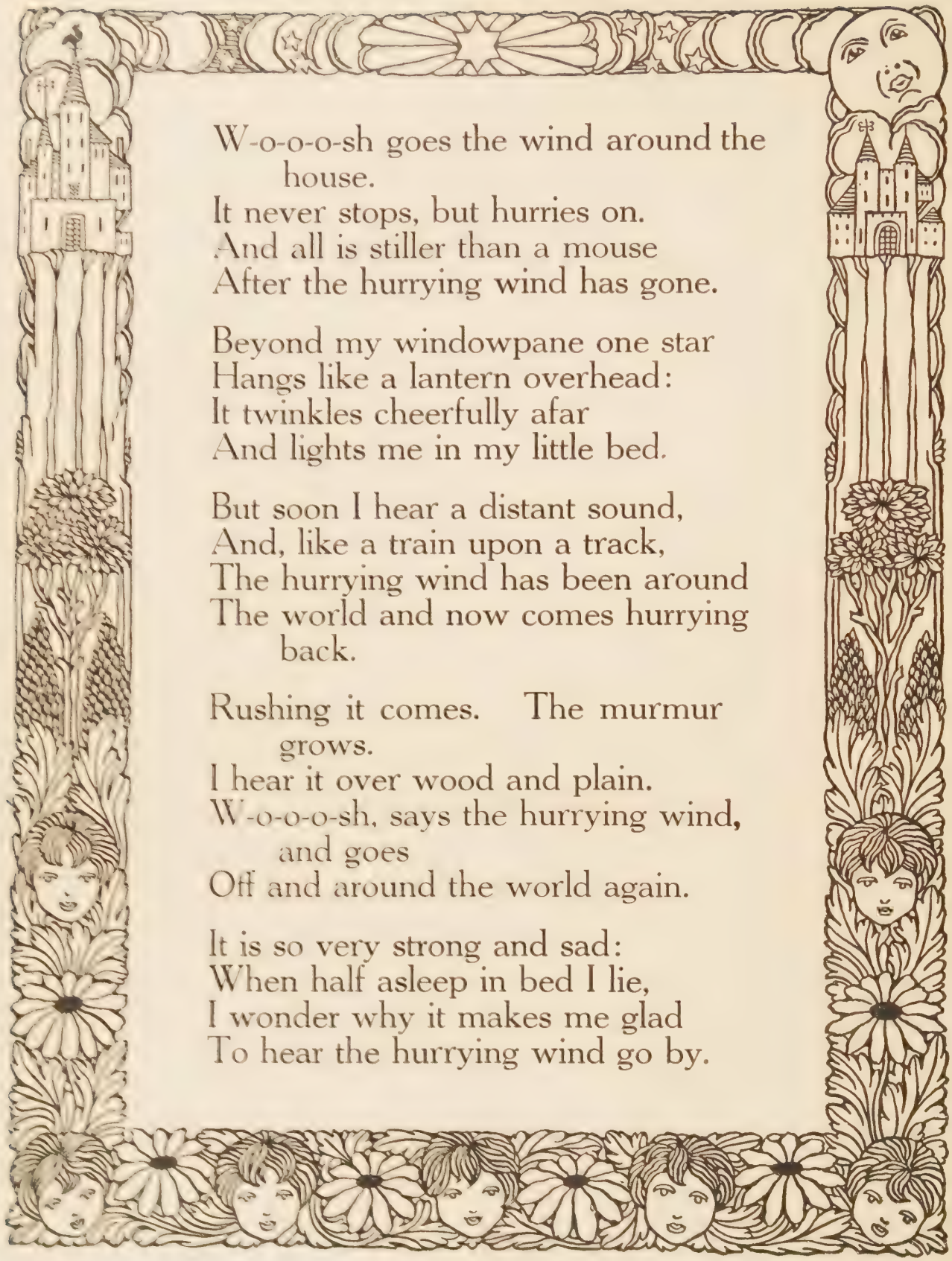
I didn't like the taste a bit,
And so I didn't swallow it.

But oh, it makes my Mother squirm
Because she *thinks* I ate that worm!

THE WIND

[JOHN]

Sometimes when I wake up at night
The wind goes w-o-o-o-sh about my
hill.
It fills me with a strange delight
Under my bedclothes warm and still.



W-o-o-o-sh goes the wind around the
house.
It never stops, but hurries on.
And all is stiller than a mouse
After the hurrying wind has gone.

Beyond my windowpane one star
Hangs like a lantern overhead:
It twinkles cheerfully afar
And lights me in my little bed.

But soon I hear a distant sound,
And, like a train upon a track,
The hurrying wind has been around
The world and now comes hurrying
back.

Rushing it comes. The murmur
grows.
I hear it over wood and plain.
W-o-o-o-sh, says the hurrying wind,
and goes
Off and around the world again.

It is so very strong and sad:
When half asleep in bed I lie,
I wonder why it makes me glad
To hear the hurrying wind go by.

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